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**JAMES JORDAN.**



**JAMES JORDAN:**  
**OR,**  
**THE TREASURE AND ITS PRICE.**

**A WORKING-MAN'S NARRATIVE.**



**LONDON:**  
**C. DOLMAN, 61, NEW BOND-STREET,**  
**AND 22, PATERNOSTER-ROW.**  
**1852.**





# JAMES JORDAN.

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## CHAPTER I.

### MYSELF—MY SITUATION—AND MY FAMILY.

THERE lived in a very beautiful part of England, an honourable gentleman whom we will call Sir Boston Knightley. His place was a very fine one. The house stood on a sloping lawn, on one side of which a wood came down, and scattered itself in groups and lines, so that you could see the green glades that led up to the thickest part of the forest, as if the lawn had wandered up there, and lost itself in its mazes. I like to think of that scenery: for, as I am a gardener by taste and profession, it belongs to me to love the beauty of nature, and to dwell with gratification on every instance where that beauty has been heightened by the hand of art.

Knightley Manor was indeed a beautiful place, and I loved it well. The gardens were extensive, and they had every advantage of soil and situation. The green-houses and hot-houses were Sir Boston's favourite play-things. He was very rich, and a fortune was spent upon them every year. He imported trees, shrubs, and plants. He had people working for him in Mexico, Australia, and New Zealand. He was a really learned and scientific man; and his delight when his experiments answered, when his new plants flowered for  
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time, or his old favourites gave, for his care, a more than commonly abundant return, can scarcely be imagined. I was his gardener.

Such a gentleman required a very experienced and well educated head-gardener to take the command of everything, and I was that man.

I received two hundred a-year, and had a house, rent-free, and what vegetables and common fruit I liked. I do not think that any man could have had a happier situation. I had five men under me. Two of these were very clever about the green-houses and hot-houses, the other three were more among the gardens and the plantations of new shrubs and trees. Besides these, there were women employed in the weeding times, and to do the stooping work of tying up flowers and such things.

I loved the garden, and indeed the whole place, exceedingly. I was, in my place, quite a king there. I gloried in the beauty that I raised up around me. I knew that the bouquets I sent into the house daily were received, as often as they came, quite rapturously. I knew that the drawing-room, when filled with the most distinguished guests, rang with my praises: that Sir Boston was complimented on having one of the best gardeners in the kingdom; and I knew that he was as proud of me as if I had been a just imported pine. I was really a very happy man.

I should like to keep you some time telling of the smiles with which my master and I used to meet daily; of our pleasant chats over such of the light and delicate work of our favourite pursuits as fell to my care; of how every suggestion I made *was attended to*, every fancy, however expensive, *complied with*, every desire gratified; and of how—

so much did I love this kind master—through all the ten years I lived with him, I never counted hours, or considered labour in his service. But I must not keep you too long on these preliminaries to my story. I must take you elsewhere; I must show you my house and all whom I had there.

I lived in a house called by the guests of Knightley Manor, the Swiss Cottage, but by the work-people Mr. Jordan's, for James Jordan is my name. The house was good and roomy. It stood in scenery suggestive of Swiss cottages, at the foot of a steep declivity, and by the side of a ravine through which came rushing a torrent of water—a glorious cascade. And in front of this house, peaceful looking meadows were spread out, and beyond them a glittering river, into which the torrent sent its waters, and which was crossed by a bridge, making a most agreeable incident in our landscape. Then we, too, had a garden and a green-house; and beautiful, most beautiful timber crowned the hill at our back; and cedars, cyprus, yew, and evergreens of many sorts hung above and around the rushing waters; and by our side there was a natural deposit of that black earth so much liked by the American shrubs; and there, rhododendrons and calmidas and hundreds of such fair foreigners, flourished as in their native soil, and spread such blossoms to the sun, and shed such sweet scents around—even now I seem to see them in their glorious profusion, climbing up the height in their luxuriant growth, and mingling with the English-born elm and oak—even now I seem to hear the music of that frolicsome cascade, and the grave melody of our many bees, *as they hummed among the flowers—even now I feel as if I should surely return to that place again*

and see my children playing in those meadows as for years they played; and now when I recollect myself, and know that I shall be master there no more, I feel that it is only for heaven one can give such things as these.

I must take you back a little farther in my history. I had married Emma Benson, the only child of Mr. Benson, then butler and valet to the Lord Bishop of —; I call this gentleman a bishop though he was of the Protestant Church of England; but you, my readers, know, as I know, that this title is merely given to such, by us, for custom's sake, that we may be understood, and to prevent continual dispute and explanation, this gentleman, like his fellows in the Establishment, was no bishop at all.

My wife's father had been brought up in this bishop's house, and when I married her, she had lost her mother; and her father was butler and valet as I have said. My wife was very well educated, for her situation in life, for the bishop's lady had placed her at school; she was twenty-four years of age at her marriage. We had four children. The eldest was a girl, eighteen years of age; and, I can assure you, that we thought that very few of the ladies who appeared at our parish Church could vie with her either in figure, face, or manner, and I suppose that I might add *dress*, for I am certain that a great amount of time and thought was expended on it. This young lady was supposed to have her mother's pretty features and fair complexion, and to take her jet black shining hair and tall figure from me. Great trouble had been taken about her education. We hoped to get her into some good family as a governess, as

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soon as she was twenty-one, and she appeared to be successfully fitting herself for such a situation. The next living child to this dear girl, our beautiful Emma, was a boy called Edward. Sir Boston had got him on the foundation of an endowed school at G——. He was pronounced to be very clever. I was ambitious for him, and the boy shared in this ambition ; therefore he was diligent. I thought that I might live to see him go to Oxford, and get his living as a clergyman of the Establishment. My next children were girls: Sarah, nine years old ; Anna, seven years old.

In ~~the~~ year 1847, another person came to live with us—Mr. Benson, my wife's father. Dear readers, I must detain you, introducing this old gentleman to you. If you should be inclined to rebel, and say this story-teller has kept us long enough with his family, let me induce you to be patient, by assuring you that old Mr. Benson has a great deal to do with my story, and that it is absolutely necessary that you should get acquainted with him.

Mr. Benson was discharged by the Bishop because he was become too old for his place. He had only saved two hundred pounds, though he might, no doubt, have saved a good deal more if he had liked. This money was invested in some water-works in London and brought him in seven-and-a-half per cent. The Bishop, who was perfectly acquainted with all his old servants' affairs, arranged that the income derived from this investment should be paid to me and my wife for the old man's board and lodging ; and his Lordship gave Mr. Benson twenty pounds a year as a pension ; thus he came to live with us.

## CHAPTER II.

### MR. BENSON.

MY father-in-law had been a bishop's servant for the greater part of his life. It happened in this way. When a boy, he had been taken into the house of a family of distinction, and having conducted himself well, he rose to be footman at the age of eighteen. At this time it happened that the eldest son of the lady and gentleman with whom he lived, rose to great dignity at Oxford, and married. On this gentleman's marriage he took Benson for his servant, and a few years after, being made one of the Protestant bishops, he took him with him as butler. It was about twenty years after this preferment that the eldest daughter of his master married, and married a bishop. Benson then went as her servant to another diocess and another palace, and there he had lived till he came to end his days with us. His coming to us was truly the introduction of a new element into our house.

Up to the time of Benson's coming we had led lives of no particular form of religion. We went regularly to Knightley church; it was only half a mile off, and the walk to it was agreeable in all ways; we there occupied a distinguished pew, called the steward's pew, second only to Sir Boston's own pew, and into which, when the family pew was too full, the young men of the party would come, and occasionally Sir Boston himself, a circumstance which I am sure every body in the church felt to

be a public act of excellence on the part of Sir Boston ; and as he was unusually tall and commanding looking, beautifully dressed and very handsome, we felt no small share of reflected grandeur when he stood up among us, and treated him with respect accordingly, giving him plenty of room, and not letting the children kneel, lest their little feet should touch his polished boots or exquisite drab trowsers. I need not say that Sir Boston never knelt himself ; he was felt to be so great a man, that I verily believe that if he had once been seen kneeling with any appearance of devotion, in that place called the House of God, that the people would have been affected to tears by such an act of humility. Well, to this church we went always once a day, and in summer, also, in the afternoons. The family from the mansion never went in the winter afternoons—neither did we go. The devotions of that hour, at that season, were left to the poor folk of the village, to old women with red cloaks, and old men with their heads tied up. In fact my wife once replied, to the question of whether she went to church, one winter's afternoon, "that she did not go—that the people of the neighbourhood did not go generally ; that *there was no genteel congregation at that time.*" And it is quite true that going to church was a part of our gentility.

But if we did not go to Knightley church, we *sometimes*, but *very rarely*, went to the little town of Helstead, about two miles off, to hear a wonderful man who preached at a meeting house there, and was very much talked about ; not so much for any good he did, but for the daring way in which he spoke of the new Vicar of Helstead. For myself, *liked to hear the man's rush of words ; the child*



liked the new scene, and he made some kind of nervous impression on my wife, for she used to say that she thought him very awakening.

I knew that Sir Boston disliked this preacher ; he used to speak of him sometimes when we were busy with our Mexican plants, or such others as he loved himself to assist in tending ; he used to call him a low, prating, ignorant, presumptuous, scoundrel ; and certain things that afterwards transpired about this man, made me think that he was not far wrong in his judgment.

As may be supposed, I should not have mentioned this man here without a reason. The manner in which he spoke of the vicar, Mr. Temple, brought people to think of that gentleman, and to enquire about his opinions, and many of his private affairs. Mr. Temple was a man of family, and independent fortune ; he was one of the county gentlemen. Sir Boston could not endure that a man of such position should be dealt so freely with. He did not care about his religious views, but he knew that he led a strictly moral life, and was abused by a ranting preacher, and therefore he was his friend.

You will now have seen, my dear readers, by our conduct at Knightley, and our visits to Helstead, that we had no very fixed religious tenets when my father-in law came to live with us.

Never again, after his arrival, did we go to Helstead to hear the pouring eloquence of the preacher, Mr. Medley ! That we had *ever* gone, seemed to Mr. Benson scarcely less than a mortal sin. It had provoked from him such an outpouring of indignation, that we were all glad to consign the subject to oblivion, and to enter into a tacit agreement never to *mention the preacher* or to discuss his doctrine.

Was, then, Mr. Benson more religious than we were? No; but he was imbued with such a respect for offices of dignity and responsibility in the Church of England, and for such as filled them, that he could ill endure anything that interfered with the position they occupied in his mind. He was a patient-tempered, charitably disposed man, and he had led a moral life; but I do not think it is too much to say that his mind had never soared beyond a bishop. The Lord of heaven and earth was only to him a being whom the bishop acknowledged; and a bishop was, to him, a clergyman raised to a seat in the house of lords, a man to be approached with the deepest deference, and to be surrounded by every indication of profound state; a man whose calling it was to wear rich silk and fine linen; a man whose word was to be law—one who possessed an ineffable luxury in the power of commanding arbitrarily many who are in the judgment of society as good, or better than himself; a man who was something more than man, because of his dignity—his dignity in a worldly sense I mean. And Benson would describe state dinner parties, and dwell on the exultation of feeling with which he had stood behind his master's chair, and had been aware that the atmosphere *he* breathed with such comfort, was felt by the many black-suited guests to be so oppressive as to rob their minds of elasticity, and their voices of natural tone. This was to feel the *power* of his master's *dignity*. It was as incense offered to the throne of his lord, the bishop. He delighted in it.

The various ways in which his master received or dismissed the persons who came to see and consult him, had all been marked down by this c

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man, and treasured as proofs of that master's power, his influence, his awfulness, his life-giving nod of confidence, his joy-inspiring smile. But the occasions when his lordship had been *condescending*, when he had been *affable*, when he had reassured the timid, when he had complimented the successful, when a word from his mouth had confirmed the wavering opinions of the world, when the expression of what *he* thought had led a multitude—those were the occasions on which Benson best liked to dwell: on them he grew eloquent, and his lord, the bishop, became under his description not merely a man of the world, but a miracle of that wisdom which distinguishes the children of this world from the children of light. To Benson the sight of the earthly master had blotted out the view of the heavenly one. There was not a particle of religion in anything that he felt on this subject. These feelings which were the ruling feelings of his life, and possessed his mind to the exclusion of better things; these feelings which were to him a religion, produced only a sort of high-minded worldliness. He worshiped his bishop, not God. To him a palace was better than heaven, and lawn sleeves fairer than angels' wings.

It has often occurred to me since, that had his master been a real bishop, poor Benson would never have felt all this evil pride, and never been the slave of all this evil worldly-mindedness. He would then have seen in his master the servant of God, and so seeing would have felt that his rule in the Church was ordained of God and came from Him. Benson would then have gloried in his master for God's sake, remembering from whom his master derived *his place*, and whose work he was called to

do ; but my father-in-law had not known the true Church, or that Church's ministers. He had been the servant of one who had nothing to offer to his veneration but the various objects of worldly pride with which he was surrounded, and these his heart had laid hold of, and he truly worshipped them.

Benson's horror at our having so much forgotten what was due to the powers and dignities of the land, as to go to Mr. Medley's chapel, may now be imagined. "Why, James," he would exclaim to me, "the fellow has no respect for the bishop! He thinks no more of him than if he were a common man without any authority. He speaks of Mr. Temple as if the bishop had never examined him. Sir, he knows nothing of the honour and dignity of the Church of England! He is an upstart; I would not look at him, if I could help it, for the world."

But his opinion of the much-spoken-against Mr. Temple was very different. "A good young man, James," he would say, in his pleasant tender-toned voice. "A good, endeavouring, respectful-minded young man: I saw him once at the palace. It did my heart good to see the mute respect in which he stood before the bishop; it was a proper homage to my master's dignity, James. I remember him very well. Rather head-long in his course, I hear; but that is the impetuosity of youth, no doubt. Ah, the mitre would steady his head, and he may bear it one day—he is of an ancient house; they are gentlemen, all his family—gentlemen born and bred of the real quality. He will learn discretion. Time will teach him that there are two sides to every story; he should not teach anything too positively except, of course, the necessity for bishops."

and pretty levelling we should have without bishops. Few people know the weight and importance of bishops better than myself."

So from a mixed feeling of deference for Benson, and belief in his words, we yielded to his wishes, and heard Mr. Medley no more.

Indeed we had two reasons for attending to what Benson said—in the first place we loved him, and in the second place, the love we had for ourselves was gratified by his coming to live with us, for he certainly graced our house well, and added to our respectability, and therefore we were willing to listen to him.

And the old man deserved our love. I believe that no man ever felt more hearty good-will towards men generally than he did; I believe that few men in his station had ever given away as much money or done as many kindnesses. He was really charitably minded, and he was excellently good-tempered. He was one of those persons whom little children immediately bless with their love; and the happy benevolent expression that dwelt in his soft blue eyes, and played on his lips, and seemed to brighten his rosy face, mingled very pleasantly with the dignity that his manner often displayed—indeed, I might say, *habitually* displayed; for the polished manner he had attained in his years of service, and the gentle air of authority that he had then learned, never quite left him. He was weak and worn in body, and he used to walk about leaning heavily on a stout oak stick; but he would turn his head quickly, and a bright smile would come when he heard our Sarah or Anna, and he would call them to him with a voice as clear and ringing as a boy's. And when *Sir Boston* and he met, how often have I been struck

with the picture they made. Benson, with his usually stooping figure straightened, and his silver locks bared, in return to Sir Boston's greeting; hearing what the worthy Baronet would say, with smiling respectful courtesy, and answering with a pleasant dignified self-possession, which showed his esteem of the honour that was doing him, and yet evidenced that to receive such honour was no new thing. Such was my dear father-in-law, William Benson; he lived in my house for two years.

Now I must give an account of what those two years produced.

## CHAPTER III.

### FAMILY AFFAIRS.

So Mr. Benson was the inmate of our house, and my eldest daughter was at her "seminary," and my son at his school, and our pretty little Sarah and Anna were amusing themselves at home, and I, myself, busy in my calling, and my wife occupied in her house; for, though we kept a servant, this good wife of mine had plenty to do. Reader, I am going to tell you how my money was spent. You know that I had two hundred a-year from Sir Boston; that we had fifteen pounds a-year from Benson, and that our house was rent and tax free. My girl cost forty pounds a-year for her education; my boy cost us ten pounds a-year for his. Their journeys and little extras we reckoned at fifteen pounds a-year, and their clothes at twenty pounds a-year; thus, eighty-five pounds a-year was spent on these children, and we had a hundred and thirty pounds a-year left for ourselves; and as we had ourselves and Mr. Benson, and the servant, and our little girls to feed, we did not find that more than enough. Yet it was enough, and we had a trifle to spare for the poor; for we were helped on by having a small bit of land on which we kept a cow, and by feeding a good bacon pig every year.

We knew that our great expenses were the education of our two eldest children. Those would soon cease, for my boy would go to college, and Emma was in a year's time to be a teacher in the same

school where she was then a learner ; and by that means support herself, and continue in a place of improvement till she was old enough to go into a private family as a governess ; *then* I should lay by the money they had cost me, I thought ; but did that thought come true ?

Let us turn from my house to Sir Boston's stately mansion—to Knightley Manor. Outside, it presented to view a large Italian front of very handsome appearance. It had a rich, cheerful, luxurious aspect, and seemed to look smilingly on the lawns and gardens, and on to the boundary of hills, and up to the wooded heights. People used to say that it was a princely looking place.

Inside, there was enough of corresponding grandeur. No one would have exclaimed, how rich, or how splendid, on being first shown the state apartments, for there was not anything to catch the eye ; but after a few moments of repose within those rooms, every one would have felt that they were surrounded by the choicest things that wealth could purchase, and that their not being immediately struck with the fact, was the result of the most excellent taste in selection and arrangement. But when I now think of Knightley Manor, I think of a certain room, called the library, with velvet curtains and soft thick carpet of emerald green, and containing all those little elegancies which seem to belong to ladies of exalted rank, and also all those comforts which are used to ease the burthen of life to one who has not long to live. I think of Lady Fanny Knightley in her last days. She used to lie on the sofa, wrapped round with costly shawls, and with a little table drawn near her, on which a few books were always lying.



I used to see her very often. There was access from the hall to a small inner room which was called Sir Boston's study; and when I had been there talking to Sir Boston, she would ring a little silver bell which she kept by her side, on hearing which her husband would open the door, and she would say in tones so sweet, "Tell Jordan to bring me a nosegay, dear Sir Boston." I used to smile as my master turned to me, and then he would answer, "He hears you, dearest." On such occasions the choicest things were plucked recklessly. If his flowers had been of incalculable value—if they had been the only ones of their kind that the earth had ever seen, Sir Boston would have consigned them to withering destruction to satisfy the slightest fancy his wife could express. I believe that it is impossible to say too much of the love he bore his gentle lady; I believe that it was the determination to stay near her that first made him turn to floriculture as a pursuit.

When I used to take Lady Fanny her flowers, I was always admitted to speak to her. I used to stand by the side of her couch, and she would ask me questions about such blossoms as she had not seen before; and with her admiration of others, and her enquiries about my family and myself, she would often detain me for some time. She was very beautiful, and illness had not destroyed her beauty, though it had taken all her strength. She looked more like a delicate plant, unable to bear our climate, than one whom pain and sickness had thus reduced. Sir Boston carried her from her bed-room to her sofa every morning, and back again every night; and he never spent a night out of the house, *as far as I knew*, during her illness.

Each time that I saw her I could observe that she appeared weaker than the time before ; but she was always the same in manner, and spoke as pleasantly, and looked as mildly cheerful as she had always looked since I had known her. Sometimes she had some of her own family to stay with her— aunts, cousins, sisters, brothers—she had lost her parents. It used to be observed in reference to these arrivals, that nothing excited her. They came and they were welcome, they enjoyed themselves and they went away ; and Lady Fanny, day after day was brought to her sofa, and day after day spoke with placid sweetness to such as came to her side, and seemed without exertion to say invariably the right thing to the right person, and gave constantly renewed pleasure, while she was herself still fading, fading away.

It used to be a good deal talked about. The servants in the house would whisper that she could not stay like that for ever—that she would die one day—that they should not like so to die—that they wondered that no clergyman ever came to see their lady—that she was gentle and pleasant, and kind and patient as she was beautiful, but that nevertheless it seemed to them a heathenish kind of way to die in, and they wished that there was a stir made about the lovely lady, and that some one would be bold enough to speak to Sir Boston.

But no one did speak to Sir Boston ; and one night when he was lifting his wife from her sofa, she said, “ Ah ! put me down again, Boston, I feel weak.” He laid her again upon her resting place. “ Perhaps it is the scent of those lovely flowers,” she said, motioning away a nosegay I had that afternoon brought to her. Sir Boston put the vase aside.

"My love," she said enquiringly, and fixing her eyes upon him with a puzzled look. "What is it, dearest Fanny?" he replied. He stooped down his head for an answer, and he had it—she was dead!

When I told this to my wife, she put her hands before her eyes and shuddered, and said, "Ah, James, James, never let me die like that! Oh, she was dear and good—the sweetest lady; but James, I cannot die like that! Something more—in that awful hour let me hear something more," and then she leaned her head upon the table, and sobbed and wept aloud.

I was struck with what she said. Thoughts of the same kind had been passing through my own mind. I was musing in an indistinct sort of way, and I answered, scarcely knowing what I said, "More—what would you have—something more—what?" She raised her head and our eyes met. I had never before seen such agitation in her face. She rose up quickly and took a rapid turn across the room, then stopping, she exclaimed in an ardent manner, as if the inward thoughts would be spoken, and spoken with impetuous warmth, "More—what more? Why James, James, will *you* say that wine, and jelly, and medicated caudles—that even a dear husband's anxious smile, and the attentive watching of servants is enough to—to—Oh! is there no dark valley of the shadow of death?—is there no additional strength required if there is?" She spoke so passionately, that when she fell on her knees at my side, I thought that she might have been unable to stand through her emotion; but it was only to impress her request upon me. "James," she cried, "I too must die. I can't die *alone* like that; I should be miserable while I lived if I

thought that my passage to heaven or—" She dropped her head upon my knees, and could not speak for weeping.

I raised her up; I took her in my arms, and let her shed her tears upon my breast. I told her to be quieted, and not agitate herself further. I said that as to the dear Lady Fanny—that her well-spent life—but here my wife interrupted me, saying, "Hush, James, I am not speaking of *her*, I am speaking of *myself*. Recollect"—she could scarcely speak. "Recollect that I can't do *that*—not die *so*—not if I can help it. I cannot bear to think that I shall be in that terrible hour *alone*. If angels accompany the good to the face of our Father in heaven, surely we are intended to have some one to minister strength, and to give us courage during our last days and hours on earth. I feel as if I should never speak of this again, James: it seems to tear me to pieces to speak of it; but when you see your flowers and think of the last nosegay you took our dear lady, then recollect that *I*, when I die—if God spares me to a last illness—that I must have something more to help me on my way than such things as those. Something more than I can give myself—something more than my own prayers and pious readings—something more I feel *here*," and she pressed her hand upon her heart, "that all poor sinners want; something more, I am sure, we may have, I can't tell what it is, but you will remember this; promise me, James."

I did promise her, and I felt myself the truth of all she had said, and we did not speak of the thing again; and Lady Fanny was laid in her grave, and Sir Boston mourned her long and truly; but after a time he was seen again, and again all things took

their usual course, and Lady Fanny was spoken of no more.

As to my wife and I, we, as I have said, did not recur to our feelings as expressed on that day of death. We did everything as usual. The winter came, and we did not go to church more than once a week; neither had we ever any prayers at home; neither did we make any open demonstration of being Christians, yet we led quiet, peaceful lives; but sometimes, when my wife's nerves were a little shaken by Mr. Medley's preaching, I used to fancy that she thought on what she had said that night, yet never with any desire to draw Mr. Medley nearer to her, for she disliked what she heard of him, and readily yielded to all her father said to her against hearing him, even saying to me that she was not sorry to give up a thing which had been foolishly begun.

## CHAPTER IV.

### IMPORTANT EVENTS.

I AM going to mention two things which preceded Mr. Benson's arriving among us. They will not seem of much moment just now, but events grew out of them, so I shall mention them in their order.

On coming one day from my garden to my dinner, at home, I found my wife in some trouble and hesitation on a domestic subject.

"James," she said, "you know that our servant Sally goes next week?" "Yes, my dear." "It is very difficult to please oneself with a person to supply her place." "Is it, my love?" I answered, "I had not thought it would be so; you do the dairy work yourself, you only want what is called a general servant, and you give good wages and serve your servants well." "That is true," she answered, "but I have not been satisfied with a single one of the many who have been here to offer. Sarah and Anna are just of an age to pick up anything improper, either in conduct or language. I want a thoroughly respectable person. Dear me, what a trouble it is!" "I wish that Sally would not leave us," said I mournfully enough. "Oh, Sally *will* be married," answered my wife despondingly. I could only smile. "Well wife, what's to be done?" I inquired.

"I have had a person here to-day," she said, "indeed she is here now, I bid her stay to dine."

She is an odd little thing, but I like her rather. I am so puzzled—will you see her?"

I did not want to see this proposed new servant. I felt to be unskilled in judging servants. But my wife wished it, and so having made her promise that she would manage the conversation herself, I consented to the woman being called in.

Faithful, excellent woman—our good friend Jane—I cannot thus come to my first sight of you, and omit a word or two expressive of the character that you so truly earned. Come forward, dear, good advisor, example, friend, and let me introduce you to my readers.

In answer to my wife's summons, there entered a woman scarce above the stature of a dwarf. She was very dark in complexion, rosy cheeked, hazel eyed, and with jet black and very shining hair. Yet notwithstanding her small size, she was evidently strong-limbed, and she carried her head erect, and walked with a firm quick positive step, and looked at you with singular attention when you spoke, and answered with remarkable quickness, and in the ready clear way which spoke of a courageous spirit and an understanding mind. There was not a shadow of sauciness or boldness about her, but she certainly had the air of a woman who knew that she had one half of the bargain to make, and intended to have it her own way.

"I think that you said that your name is Jane Darrel," said my wife.

"Yes, ma'am," with a curtsey.

"May I ask how old you are?"

"Thirty-two, ma'am."

"You have been in service before?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Lately."

"No. I lived last with Mr. Barry, in Dublin."

"Are you Irish?"

"I am Irish, by my father."

"Where do your parents live?"

"My father is dead."

"And your mother."

Jane Darrel paused, for the first time, just one instant. Then she said, "I shall have my mother at Newton, if I live with you." Now Newton was a bustling, manufacturing town about nine miles off.

"Where is your mother now?" asked my wife.

"I shall make you a good servant, ma'am," said Jane. My wife and I smiled; "we did not want to press you to unnecessary disclosures," said my wife, "but as you told me, when I first spoke to you, that Mr. Barry was dead, and that you had only a written character, I was desirous of knowing all that I might know."

"Let me serve you a month. You shall have my service for nothing if, at that time, I don't please you," said Jane.

"I have young children," said my wife, "I am very particular about them; I am fearful of taking any one of whom I can know so little; I really don't know what to say."

"That's very good," said the woman musingly, "you don't know what to say, and because you are a good mother? Ah, well, say 'yes,' ma'am; you shant repent." My wife looked up with an inquiring smile into my face. "Yes," said I bravely. Jane dropped a curtsy and said, "thank you, sir."

But there she still stood in the middle of the room, for the conference was not over yet.



"Well," said my wife, "I will take you—try you, that is; I give good wages for such a person as I want—nine pounds a year." "Very well, ma'am." "I do all the dairy-work myself." "As you please, ma'am, but I understand a dairy." "I give neither tea or beer." "I don't wish to drink either." "We wash at home." "I understand both washing and clear-starching." "I shall require you to do plain work." "I am an experienced needle-woman." I confess that I heard all these observations and replies with some astonishment. The character of a maid of all work rose every moment in my estimation; I felt that if this Jane Darrel spoke truth, that we were in the presence of a genius. But all had not yet been said.

"Are you strong?" asked my wife. "Thank God, *very*," replied the woman. "I never hire for scrubbing." "I shant ask you to do so, ma'am," and Jane looked round upon our furniture with a glance that seemed to say, that to keep up such brightness as she saw would be no trouble to *her*.

"And what do you know about cooking?" "I am a good plain cook." "Have you ever lived as cook?" "I have lived as kitchen-maid."

"Well, now," said my wife, "about your holidays and your dress." We looked at Jane, but she made no reply. There was a look on her face, however, as if she felt that these were important subjects to her. My wife went on,

"I know that maids of all work usually expect a great deal of allowance in both these things. But on both of them I am rather particular. As to dress," "we shant disagree about that," interrupted Jane. "Well, then," rejoined my wife, "I *hope that we shall agree about the other*. I do not

allow gadding about, going out of evenings, or going to places of amusement; but of course, I would allow you a time to see your friends." "Nay," said the woman, "I have no friends about here." "I mean that you might have a week, or even more, once a year, to visit your friends at a distance."

Jane looked down, seemed thoughtful, and, as I thought, suppressed a sigh. "You would allow me a week a year." "Yes." "That's seven days," said Jane. My wife and I laughed. "Now, if I were to ask for seven days, by a day at a time, seven times in a year, and let me have them when I liked?" inquired Jane. "Where would you go?" asked my wife. "To Newton," answered Jane. "What, always *there*?" "Yes, always." "It's nine miles off." "I am an excellent walker," she replied. What, *more* excellencies! I thought. Surely this woman can do anything! "'Tis on account of my mother," added Jane in explanation. My wife consented to this arrangement, and now there was again a pause. Jane never stirred. She felt that there was something more to say. "I hope that you are not a Dissenter," said my wife. "No, ma'am." "Are you a Church-woman?" "Yes, ma'am." "You will go then to Knightley Church—I can't exactly say how often; I am sorry to say that you will not be able to go every Sunday, but as often as I can let you go—and—and—" she looked up. There was neither pain or pleasure on Jane's face; there was the bright, attentive, listening, patient look, but nothing at all to help her to put a proper ending to that unfinished sentence. She looked round towards me. "In short, we *may consider Jane engaged I suppose,*" said I.

"If you please, sir," responded Jane. "And please, ma'am, when am I to come?"

"Can you come on Wednesday morning next? My present servant leaves us that day."

"I can come then, ma'am." And so saying she left the room, and in another minute we saw her pass through the garden gate. We talked of her after she was gone, and said that she was an odd little woman, and then seemed to forget her. But when the Wednesday came, the first person I saw on coming down stairs was Jane, dressed with extraordinary neatness; a snow white cap upon her head, and a clean check apron tied over a dark printed cotton gown. The breakfast table was arranged—the kitchen looked a model of niceness—the front passage was swept—and there was more of sweetness, and freshness, and pleasant activity in the house than I had ever seen before. Jane looked and acted as if she had been living with us full five years.

My next incident is of another sort.

You must know, dear reader, that at a short distance from the house there stood a shed, which was used for many purposes, but of which the most legitimate use was the protection of our cow on cold winter nights. It had no door, but a stout wooden bar fastened across the entrance kept the animal from wandering. There came a night in the month of January, of such starry brightness and such intense cold as is not often felt. We had remarked this, and our cow had been early shedded, and ourselves early shut up for the night.

Many were the ejaculations about the cold that night; but at last we had all gone to bed, and expected and hoped to know no more what the world was like outside.

But we had hardly got into our first sleep when my wife fairly awakened me, saying, "James, do you hear that?"

"I hear something—what is it?" I said. I was more than half asleep.

"It is the cow lowing in the shed."

"My dear wife, do be quiet." I felt vexed at what seemed to be her trifling; but she was not so easily quieted. "There, again! It is really very odd. She never did it before. There is something the matter. How I do wish that we were not in bed. There, again; such a strange, odd, dissatisfied low; I hope no one is ill-using her. There, again; now I am sure that something is the matter. James, I am sure something is happening. Perhaps she's ill."

I was really roused now. The animal was lowing in a peculiar way. My wife's suggestion that she was ill, touched me, for I could not afford to lose the cow. I got up.

But at that moment I heard a sound above our heads; it was that active Jane moving—there surely had never been such a woman before. I heard her coming down stairs, so I opened the bedroom door a hand's breadth, and called out, "Jane, is that you?"

"Yes, sir, I must go to the cow-shed—there's something the matter."

I was ashamed to let her go; I said so. "If you will please come down in the kitchen and wait for me," said Jane; "I am dressed now, and can go quickest." I let her go, and in a few minutes had followed her down stairs. I had scarcely reached the kitchen when Jane came running in. "Oh! come, sir, a poor human creature. Oh, the won-

derful sense of the poor dumb animal ; but come, sir, directly ; he'll die if we don't help him, if he aint dead already."

And there, in the shed, lay a man in that stupor which precedes death by cold. Together we got him into the kitchen. "Not there, sir—not by the fire ; he is too far gone for that. This corner will be warm enough ; will you get out the brandy ? Ah, here's missis ; stay by him, ma'am, while I get some blankets."

With the alacrity, and seemingly with the experience and knowledge of an hospital nurse, did the excellent Jane set about the task of reviving the dying man—*dying*, have I said ? for some time I am sure that we all believed him *dead*. Yet, lest there should be life, and that life lost because we did not labour, we worked away. We chafed his hands and feet, we applied hot flannels, we placed bags of hot salt on the stomach and the regions of the heart, but still he remained stiff and corpse-like, and our hearts fainted. We kept him in a reclining posture, yet keeping his head a good deal higher than his feet. From time to time I tried to pour warm brandy and water down his throat, but I could not succeed ; it remained in his mouth, or trickled out again down his hanging under jaw ; but still we worked away, my wife and Jane now weeping ; but we could not suspend our exertions, though hope had departed, we could not allow it ; still we worked and wept, and prayed—but at last he started ; hope came back so suddenly that my wife uttered a sharp, hysteric cry, but she conquered her emotion and worked on. There had been a sound, a gurgling sound, as from some liquid left in the mouth ; then *a convulsive movement* of the throat. The man,

apparently dead, had swallowed. I put more brandy and water into his mouth. It stayed a few seconds, those seconds seemed hours; but at last the sound came again, and again the moving of the throat, and once more he had swallowed.

And now, the thought that that corpse-like figure would become animate, and move, and sit up, and open its eyes and stare upon us as with the gaze of one from another world, filled us with a feeling of awe amounting to absolute dread. I saw the women shut their eyes; I knew what they were feeling, for I longed to close my own.

But when it came, it was not terrible; there were a few great heavings of the heart, and then deep sighs, and a struggling of the limbs. We held his feet and hands in hot water; and soon he was looking at us with a mild though somewhat bewildered air, and we were thanking God for a fellow-creature restored to life.

I need not follow every particular. He lay on a bed in the kitchen that night, and I sat up with him. The morning told his story. He was a Frenchman, a traveller for a Jew's house in London. His box of watches, trinkets, and spectacles was in the out-house. It was restored to him safely and he went his way; but before going, among other things he had said this, "You have done more than you think; you have prevented a soul going unprepared to judgment; I felt the stupor coming on me last night; I knew that I was dying. I knew that I was unforgiven; I felt *that*, and at the same time felt that I had no power *then* to recollect my sins or to repent of them. Last night there was an agony of soul *after* the unconsciousness of the body had begun. You have saved me!"

## CHAPTER V.

### I RESOLVE TO BECOME RELIGIOUS.

I CARRIED the man's saying in my memory ; it had produced much the same feeling in my mind that the death of Lady Fanny had produced in my wife's. I begun to feel that I was in an isolated sort of state. I had education which raised me above the labourers around me, and my society was circumscribed, and my visiting friends few. Mr. and Mrs. Yeoman and their family, who had the Manor House farm were our chief companions. They were very worthy and very pleasant people ; but it was all for this life. Could such friends, valuable as they were, smooth the dark passage—help me to die ? The men who worked under me in the gardens and grounds—they too were my friends—they and their families—there was much real love between them and us—but neither was that enough ; my soul within me asked for something else—I said to myself, *I will become religious.*

*I will become religious !* I went to my work—I was occupied in my work—and many times that day I said *I will become religious.* It was a wonderful thing to say. By saying it I found fault with my past life—I acknowledged that my past life had had a want in it. I acknowledged that a man might be as I had been, honest, industrious, kind, well-to-do, punctual in his payments, neither a glutton or a drunkard, loved by his wife, loved by his children, looked up to by the servants under him, valued by

his master, and respected by the world, and yet have a *want*—feel something within him saying that all these good, and pleasant, and proper things are not enough, and so prompt him to resolves that in addition to all these things *he will become religious!* I thought that I would continue my good and honest life, and that in addition I would try to *love* God—I had only *respected* Him before—and do something for my soul.

I did not make any talk about this. I kept it in my heart. But I recollect that one morning, when I was putting on my working boots in the kitchen, I said to Jane, “I hope that Frenchman will come here again.”

“Well sir,” she answered, “I should think he would; he certainly will if he lives, for you pressed him kindly, and he owes you much.”

“He certainly thought a great deal of being restored to life—for his soul’s sake I mean; do you recollect what he said about not liking to die with sins unforgiven.”

“May God have mercy upon him; but who *would* like it?”

“He might have hoped, so dying, in God’s mercy.”

“The best and the most thoughtful have no other hope than that.”

“It would not have been his fault if he had died in the cold,” said I rather roughly.

“But it *would* have been his fault if, so dying, he had not been fit to die,” answered Jane, very much in my own manner I thought.

“Well, then, Mrs. Jane,” I said with affected carelessness, “and what’s your receipt for being *fit to die*?”



"The keeping our sins constantly in remembrance," she answered promptly.

"Why that's a melancholy receipt; you are worse than a Puritan; now I would rather trust to God's mercy."

"It's not melancholy," replied Jane, "Because there is forgiveness of sins. And what's the comfort of trusting only in God's mercy in *your* way, when he is *just* as well as merciful."

"You may depend," pursued I, now trifling with my boot-string, in order to prolong the conversation, for I was interested, and had never heard Jane talk on religion before—"you may depend that no one was ever happy leading such a self-accusing life."

Jane paused; I thought I had puzzled her. She had been moving about at some kitchen-work all the time we had been talking. At last she stopped and looked up at me steadily, and spoke again.

"Master!"

"Yes."

"It's three weeks ago since I broke the cut-glass dish that Lady Fanny, years ago, gave your missis."

"I recollect," said I.

"As soon as I had done it, I came and told you both of it."

"So you did, and that was right."

"Was I the more happy or the more miserable for telling you, do you think?" pursued Jane.

"Why Jane," said I, "you are a well principled woman, and so you were happier. You see," I went on, "that is easy to understand. You had done a thing which injured us and hurt our feelings; and you were really sorry for having done *this—*"

"And why was I sorry?" interrupted Jane.

"Why I hope, I am sure, because you love us and know that we have a true regard for you."

"Very right," said the woman. "So you understand, master, that when people know that God loves them, that it is happiness and not sorrow to acknowledge their sins. And now," continued the woman, "please tell me one more thing, master, did you and missis forgive me?"

"Yes, Jane, indeed we did perfectly, you were so really and truly sorry."

"Did we love each other less for what had happened?"

"Why, Jane," I answered rather impatiently, "we should have been heathens, indeed, if we had loved you the less for being honest in acknowledging what had been done; and at the same time, as I said just now, truly sorry for it." Jane smiled and asked again,

"Do you think that I have been less careful since?"

"No; more careful I am sure, I have no doubt."

"I shall never forget breaking that glass dish as long as I live," said Jane, turning again to her work.

I was going out of the house, but I turned back. "I know what you mean, Jane," said I, "but there is no such communion between God and man as there is between master and servant. *If we could go to Him and speak, and be answered, that would be another thing.*"

She turned away and murmured something to herself, but I did not hear what she said.

But I again went to work, saying that I would become religious. So that evening I said to my

wife that we would begin to read a chapter in the Bible, and a prayer before the children went to bed. She very readily acceded; and Jane, when the hour came, was summoned in to our first "family prayers." She certainly looked aghast when the order was issued; but though we necessarily lived on very familiar terms with our servant, we were accustomed to be obeyed, and so I supposed that Jane felt obliged to attend to our wishes. Certainly, when the hour came Jane appeared; we had not called her, neither had she been directed to come without a summons. But when the clock told half-past eight, the hour for Sarah and Anna to go to bed, Jane appeared, bringing with her a small solid-backed kitchen chair—I had already got the Bible on the table, and the prayer book ready—and down she sat, close to the door, and far away from us, and fixed her black, bright, questioning eyes on my face.

I felt rather nervous; but my wife and the little girls pushed back their chairs from the table and folded their hands on their laps, and so I began to read. And now I will mention what, after a time I remarked, that Jane, as she sat far off on her humble seat against the door, had a way of staring *at* me, or *towards* me—for eager as she looked, she did not seem to see *me* particularly—all the time I read, and of working her lips as if she followed with them every word that I said; and she always held her hands under her apron, and there they seemed to be kept in perpetual motion. This really made me feel quite uncomfortable at times, but I never said anything about it to Jane, because I knew her to be a good, faithful servant, and I did not like to *appear* fault-finding about such a trifle. But Jane's

peculiarities at prayer time did not end here. When my wife and the children knelt, they turned their backs to the table where I was placed, and faced towards the wall; but Jane did not face round, but turned her chair round and knelt, looking the same way as when she was sitting. But I was not inconvenienced by this, for the solid back of the deal chair came between her and me, and made a perfect screen.

And so matters went on, and so matters were at the time of my father-in-law coming to us. He was pleased to find this "orderly custom," as he called it, established; and out of compliment to him we added a clause for the bishops and clergy of this realm.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THERE SEEM TO BE MANY WAYS FOR THE RELIGIOUS.

HAVING thus started upon something of a religious life, I began to feel what I have felt much more since—and what nobody can feel too much—I began to feel as a man “*who wore a soul in his breast.*” And I knew that that soul was a jewel of inestimable value—God’s gift. It was a thought constantly before my mind; and I made resolutions to care for it, and look after its interests, and find out the best way for keeping it or making it pure, and fit for my God, when, at my death, he should call it from my body to judgment.

These kind of thoughts remained in my heart for weeks. As I pursued my work with all my usual interest, still these thoughts were in my mind, and I felt that the seeds of sin must be overcome in the heart: and that by a sincere repentance of all sins past, I must induce Almighty God to pardon the sins that I had already committed. I determined to lead a very good life.

I began to go twice to church on Sundays, though it was only the end of February, and the genteel time for going twice to church in one day had not yet arrived by more than two months; still, I thought I would be consistent, and go twice to church, and I did so. There was no sermon in the afternoons. I acknowledge that I often felt it *tull, cold, tiresome*; and I found myself thinking

to myself, when on my knees, that the care of this new found treasure of mine, this SOUL, of which I had only lately learned to know the value, was a less interesting thing when carried on in church than it was anywhere else.

Pensively I was walking home one afternoon, when voices interrupted my meditations, and our friend and neighbour Mrs. Yeoman called to me, from a light spring-cart—"What! have you been to Church, Mr. Jordan?" "Yes, ma'am, I have." "Dear me! why, that's a new thing; is it not?" "Well," answered I, rather embarrassed, "I confess that it is, rather." "What good can that do you?" she exclaimed, in a lively tone. "None, I'm sure." "Why not," said I. "Why, there's no sermon," said Mrs. Yeoman. "But one may go to church to *pray*, I suppose," said I, very valiantly. "But you can do that just as well in your own parlour."

I had no answer to give Mrs. Yeoman.

"Jump in with us," she said; "*we* are going to hear what we can't hear in our own parlour; jump in; do."

"Where are you going?"

"To Helstead. See here," holding out a hand-bill, "have you not seen this?"

At the sight of the hand-bill I jumped into the cart. I had seen it before, but had forgotten it, though the perusal of it had struck me a good deal at the time.

The hand-bill advertised a religious meeting in a room at Helstead, where teetotal entertainments and public meetings of many sorts were usually held. It had been fixed for Sunday, in order enable those who worked all the week to co

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And that another religious matter might not interfere with it, it was also advertised that Mr. Medley's meeting would be closed that evening, and that he would be the chief speaker. The subject of discussion was to be the papistical tendencies of Mr. Temple's teaching.

There I was in the cart; Mr. Yeoman was outside with his servant, who was driving, and the good horse trotted on briskly, as if cheered by the continual merriment of the lively lady within.

Mrs. Yeoman, Kate her daughter, and the younger children's governess, Miss Burtle, was inside, and I now occupied the place that had been vacant.

"So you are one of Mr. Temple's enemies?" said I, on our moving on, to Mrs. Yeoman.

"Who, I?" she exclaimed with horror, yet laughing at the same moment. "I, Mr. Jordan, nonsense! what should I be his enemy for?"

"Why do you go then to hear Medley abuse him?"

"Abuse him! Mr. Jordan; you aint cross, surely? I would not go to hear anybody abused."

"But Medley is always abusing Mr. Temple and the Church," said I, grandly. I had learned to bring in the Church from my father-in-law.

"If by the Church you mean those great cold buildings stuck about the country, and a parcel of men who are paid for doing in them *for us*—bless my life, *for us*—what we can do at home for ourselves," she exclaimed, with a peal of laughter, "*for us*, now only think of that! paid, I say, for doing in those great, miserable, cold, echoing places, what we can do just as well for ourselves at home. Why, I believe, that I might abuse them too, and so would

you, Mr. Jordan, if you had to pay tithe and poor-rate as my husband has."

I moved off to another subject, and said that though I was going with them I did not like hearing *any* man abused.

But here Miss Burtle chimed in. She was the daughter of an ironmonger in Newton, and being clever, had been educated as a governess for just such a "gentleman farmer's" place as she had got. I believe that she led a very happy life. I knew that Miss Burtle was considered very "serious." "Mr. Jordan," she said, "we go not to hear Mr. Temple abused, but his principles. Those principles are the principles of Rome; they are Papiat principles, and *all*, yes, everything concerning that Church cannot be too much abused."

Three months before I should not have known how to answer this; but since my dear father-in-law had been living with us, what hours of talk we had had about the Church of Rome and the Church of England; about Archbishops, Bishops, clergymen—called by Benson, *Priests*—and the apostolical succession.

"That's a very sweeping sentence, Miss Burtle," I answered. "You should recollect that the Church of England is a *Church*, and that she derives her right to be so considered through Rome. That is," I went on, seeing that I was listened to and not answered, "that is, the apostolical succession. The succession of properly ordained ministers was perfect in the Church of Rome down to the Reformation, about three hundred years ago; and the clergy of the reformed Church of England have no other succession than what they have in continuation from the Roman Catholics of those times in England."



"And what good is apostolical succession to the Church of England? She does not teach the same doctrines as the Roman Church teaches; *they* may think a regular succession necessary, but why should *we*?"

"Because," burst in Mrs. Yeoman, "because, Louisa Burtle, it gives them the tithes." Tithe was evidently Mrs. Yeoman's strong point. "You see," she went on, "these churches were built and endowed with tithes in the Popish times; and now these Church of England parsons come into them by claiming this succession, like an entailed property, you see. The Roman Catholics gave up to *their* clergy and church the tithe, and said, 'to you and to your heirs for ever;' and the Church of England clergy prove *succession* as they call it, and on that ground say, 'we are the heirs—the tithe is ours.' Now, Mr. Jordan, I call that the greatest injustice in the world."

"I don't see that," I said. "The church remains only in a reformed—in a more wholesome state."

"The church," said Miss Burtle solemnly, "is made up of persons of all sorts, and is not a visible institution, but is known only to God."

But Mrs. Yeoman did not listen to her friend; she took up what I had said with the most extraordinary energy.

"Most unjust, Mr. Jordan; why its the unjustest thing in the world. The Roman Catholics gave those tithes, and got *what they wanted* in return. It was a just bargain; what they wanted was what they chose, and what they liked, and what satisfied *them*, and what they wanted to keep, and what they *were willing to pay for*. It suited *them*, and so they *voluntarily agreed to pay for it*."

“And what you have doesn’t suit you?” said I.

“Not by any means,” she said. “I tell you where the injustice lies. Suppose our forefathers had left a sum of money to be taken yearly out of our property, to be given to certain persons to give us a plum-pudding every Sunday; and that because they liked plum-pudding, and expected that it would be liked by all people that followed them on to the world’s end. Well, after many hundred years, let us suppose that those persons to whom the money was left—like trust money to be used for the particular purpose of plum-pudding—let us suppose, I say, that those persons should find out that the suet was unwholesome, and so also the eggs; that the fruit was apt to disagree with people, and that the citron was the most indigestible thing in the world.”

Young Kate here burst out laughing. “Oh, mother, it would be no pudding at all!” I also laughed, and poor Miss Burtle looked scandalized. But Mrs. Yeoman, radiant with smiles, said, “Hold your tongue, Kate.” “I thought all this over this very morning, when my hands were in the flour. But to continue, Mr. Jordan. These people find out that all the tasty things are bad for us, and so give us every Sunday flour and salt, and water; and yet they take the money and tell us to be satisfied, and to take that *and nothing else*; and they tell us too, that it is wicked to complain, and that they are the heirs of the old legacy, and have a right to the money. Now, Mr. Jordan, that is, to my understanding, the exact case of the Church of England and ourselves.”

I paused, but Mrs. Yeoman left me short time for consideration. She was what is called “a

*heartly woman* ;" when she had got an idea into her head, she went on with it with an amusing vigour, and pursued her story and sustained her position with a merry pertinacity. And Mrs. Yeoman was a successful woman. No one could look on her fair, fat, round, and rosy face, and see her smiles, and her eyes twinkling with the merriment that dwelt within, and not see also that, notwithstanding her hatred of tithes, she had known nothing but success. Mrs. Yeoman took breath for a moment and then went on again.

"They say to us, I repeat it, that we are to have that, and nothing else. If we go anywhere for a little variety, we are told that we are doing wrong. Flour-and-water pudding, and not even home-made sauce to it," she exclaimed, and laughed heartily as if at the best joke in the world. "Ah, Mr. Jordan, these are farm-house notions you will say, and that I acknowledge, but I think I'm right. I think that if the money given for the old pudding is not to be spent in those very ingredients which made the pudding good to the palates of our forefathers, that we ought either to be excused paying the money, or the money ought to be spent in something as agreeable to our taste as the old dish was to theirs."

"But it would be only another form of bondage," said Miss Burtle. "What right has one man to fix on the best way for another man to serve God in? The soul must be free. Formal religion is odious."

"Well, my dear Louisa," replied Mrs. Yeoman, "*I am not for controlling any person's conscience; I want freedom as much as you do. I only want say, that if the old pudding of Popery is not to*

be had—and I don't desire to meddle with it—that we ought to have something else that shall be as agreeable to our palates as that was to our forefathers; then we will pay as willingly as they paid. One person may like one thing, and one another; but we that pay the tithes have as much right to be pleased as the people had who gave the tithes. They were pleased; that's certain, or they would never have given their money; and it's great injustice to make us pay and give nothing in return."

I was in that state in which any discussion on religious subjects was agreeable to me. I wanted to have a little more of this, so I said, "But is the Church of England *nothing*, Mrs. Yeoman?"

She laughed till she cried, and then wiping her eyes she said, "Speak to him, Louisa. Oh! Mr. Jordan, that ever I should live to hear you ask that question. Well now, take Knightley as an example. What does that church do for you, or me, or any of us?"

"The good old Dr. Mabyn, there," said I, "is a very excellent, kind old man."

"Sir," said Miss Burtle solemnly, and looking quite sour; and she never looked particularly pleasant, "Sir, you have a strange habit of confounding people and principles, persons and things. Just now you thought Mr. Temple abused because we spoke against his principles, and you vindicate Dr. Mabyn when we have only spoken against the church. If we paid tithes, and supported a church in order to get into every parish a gentleman who would read to the poor, give shillings and sixpences, have *slops* and broken meat sent to the cottages, keep a penny club, and manage a blanket charity; then think that we should have no right to complain."

"You forget 'dearly beloved brethren,' Miss Burtle, that every Sunday—ha! ha!—'tis the only time that the 'lower orders,' as they call them, hear anything about being *brothers* and *dearly loved*, I fancy. Oh, dear me!" and Mrs. Yeoman was again choking her laughter that Miss Burtle might proceed.

"I think that the clergy of the Church of England are as praiseworthy a set of men as can be found in any profession; but we require something more. If these gentlemen have a mission *to save souls*, I think that they had better show it in its fruits. Did any of these gentlemen ever trouble themselves about *your* soul, sir? I am sure that not one ever troubled himself about mine!" And here Miss Burtle gave a cross, ill-natured kind of laugh, not like Mrs. Yeoman's merriment; and though I felt that there was truth in what she said, I disliked her greatly for her manner of saying it.

"I am rather above that class which feels the work of the clergy, perhaps," said I, hesitating.

"You are not above being saved, sir," exclaimed Miss Burtle, with a terrible look. I felt almost confounded.

"No, no; I did not mean that; of course I am an object of their care."

"Are you?" said the lady, scornfully.

"I mean," said I, trying to patch on to what I had been saying, "I mean that the children of the poor go to school and there learn——"

"That Abraham had two sons, and that the Jews are descended from one, and some wandering Arabs from the others! Do you call such things *saving truths*, Mr. Jordan? Did you ever find a poor child the better in his soul for his church of England

schooling? I say to you that *I* never did. He might have turned out a good man, because some pious person had helped to his conversion ; but in his boyhood he lied, and stole, and swore, and if his wits had been sharpened at the school, he just lied, and stole, and swore worse than his neighbour ; that is all."

"You draw a terrible picture," I said.

"I draw a true one. Make it your business to enquire, and tell me in six months if you have not found it so."

By this time we had reached Helstead.

The great room in which the meeting was held was soon as full as it could hold. We were fortunate enough to get good places. Mr. Medley took a little of Mrs. Yeoman's line about tithes. He told the people that the tenth of their land ought to procure vital religion for them, and not the tattered garments of the filthy rags of dead works. He said that he hoped the people would not tamely submit to be fed with such swine's food ; and he said that they had a right to be heard and to be attended to ; for who supported the clergymen? Did not they support them? and had they therefore not a right to insist upon their paid clergy preaching the doctrines of the reformation? He made the people laugh by criticising Mr. Temple's dress, and he urged them to fury when he talked of the bishops, whom he called "useless cattle," saying that the only use that could be made of them was to insist upon their rebuking such Romanizers as Mr. Temple, and that their bishop did not like to do that, but *would not they make him?*

At last the meeting broke up. Hot in body and mind, we returned.

## CHAPTER VII.

I AM OBLIGED TO CONSIDER WHICH, OUT OF THE  
MANY WAYS, IS THE RIGHT WAY.

ONE idea only seemed to possess my mind in consequence of this meeting and its attendant circumstances. It was this—that when a man determined to become religious, he was puzzled by the many ways presented to him. The church of England, as shown in our parish of Knightley, under the care of the good old Dr. Mabyn, was very dull. I thought that religion was intended to present something more interesting; I thought Mrs. Yeoman was right in saying, that considering the money that went out of the land in tithes, that the people had but a bad bargain when the returns were considered. Yet, still Mr. Benson declared *the Church* to be the way, and even the *only* way. I had been brought up in her; but what had she taught—had she disciplined my mind—had she done anything particular for me at all? Miss Burtle's bitterness seemed not quite without cause.

I thought that the Church of England was too quiet, lazy, sleepy a thing for me. I had become deeply interested in the welfare of my soul; I could not let my new aspirations after a religious life die away for want of attention; I felt very sorry, but I really thought that I should have to turn Dissenter. I thought over Mr. Medley. He would not do. He was abusive. I had heard some reports touching *his morality*. He only made me feel excited,

and angry, and puzzled; he led my mind to think of other people, and to judge *them*; now what I wanted was to be assisted to live in *a state of constant judgment of myself*. I thought of Jane and the broken glass dish.

With these things in my mind, I was in one of the hot-houses at Knightley. Sir Boston came in; he looked rather discomposed, but I didn't guess what vexed him from what he began to say.

"James, I have been talking to the bailiff; we have an extraordinary quantity of winter potatoes left. He advises my selling them, but I won't; I'll give them away."

"Yes, sir."

"I'll give them first among the labourers' families on the place. James, will you go round and see for me how they ought to be divided—in what proportions? There's an immense quantity. Foolish fellow for keeping so many—did he think I was going to see the whole world during the winter. But never mind, one can always give things away—always people glad to receive things, James." I assented.

"By the by, have you heard of the row at Helstead?" This, then, was the subject of annoyance. I turned round very much interested. I had not heard of anything. "Temple is as good a young man as ever lived," said Sir Boston, "but he is rather rash; can't see danger, and scorns to be provided against emergencies. There was an attack upon his house last night. It seems that he has fitted up a small room as 'an oratory,' as he calls it. Well, this window was known because there was painted glass in it. The mob collected and threw at it. He was actually in the room as the thing



was doing, and one stone entered the room, and hit him—cut him on the cheek ; it might have killed him ; and the uproar of the ‘No Popery’ cries was quite terrible. The few constables who turned out had no chance among them, and so they had all things their own way ; and of course, a regular triumph it has been : no one can be identified ; the constables have got laughed at, and Temple sits down as quietly as a mouse with a broken window and a scarred face.”

I felt quite guilty as Sir Boston spoke. I had swelled the crowd of that unscrupulous Medley’s hearers ; and the mob had been excited to a breach of the peace, and an insult and hurt on an unresisting man. I said directly that I had been to hear Medley, and that I would never do it again ; I gave Sir Boston an account of the man’s address, and we both agreed that there was no “vital religion” in such inflammatory language as that which I repeated.

When I got home to dinner, I found that the news of the attack on Mr. Temple and his window had reached there before me. Benson was in a state of the deepest horror. He talked of ‘the Lord’s annointed,’ of ‘a deluded populace putting forth their hand to desecrate the altar,’ and of ‘*the Church* being so one with God, that opposing *her* was opposing Him ; I heard all, and it sunk into my heart. I went out that afternoon to see the labourers’ wives about the potatoes, saying to myself, ‘God’s Church—identified with him—His instrument to give religion to the people—Church ministers God’s ministers—is all that true?’ I, who had settled in the morning that the Church of England was too dull a thing to guide and direct

me, and that I must become a Dissenter for the sake of getting something more active and attaching; I who had been thinking this was so puzzled by Benson's string of sayings, that I knew not what to do.

There were several families to divide the potatoes among. I visited all these families in the course of that and the next afternoon. The subject uppermost in my mind was the Church of England, and whether she was practically such a thing as an extraordinary instrument of God might be expected to be. The subject uppermost in the minds of the people was Mr. Temple's broken window. We talked together, the labourers and I, in every cottage. I will put down some of the most striking things that they said.

John Brown, a labourer, having nine children and a sickly wife was, like all the labourers on the estate, sufficiently well paid; eleven shillings a week was the average wages on the Knightley property, and many who had large families had houses rent-free; he had no reason for being discontented; I talked to him of the Church of England. He said it was a bitter curse upon the land. The proudest thing that had ever lifted up its head in any land. He could never believe that it was a thing of God. Did not God care for people's bodies as well as their souls. Did the Church of England care for people's bodies? Was it not rich; and who had the riches? God's own poor? No: a parcel of Bishops and two Archbishops, and a number of rich lords and ladies to whom so much of the great tithes were paid. If it was ever God's instrument, which he did not know anything about, *it was not his instrument now.* He never intended

that money given to do His work should keep ladies and gentlemen in luxuries of dress, and food, and amusement; making them prouder and prouder every year, till they looked upon the poor as a grievance, and throw them over to the law to be taken care of, and so brought all the tax-payers against them, till they were glad to subscribe together to get the hated poor man sent off to another side of the world. The Church of England, when first set up, might have been God's instrument; it was not his instrument now.

George Files, a labourer, with a strong, clean, pleasant looking wife, and two healthy children of nine and seven years old. He said of the Church of England that he believed it was mighty rich; there were large sums of money paid off the land to keep up the Church. But he didn't care for that, he did not want any of it. He could work and so could his wife, and they did work; and got well paid, and as for riches he did not care for anybody's. But he certainly did wish that the Church—since it was set up in the land, and made so much of by the Queen and the Parliament—he did wish that it was a little more to their minds, more suited to their like, something more of a thing to love and to get comfort out of. It was very *respectable*. He did not think that any people could shew a more respectable clergyman than Dr. Mabyn, and as for his lady, she did a world of good; she was very clever and very kind; but notwithstanding all that, the Church was not much to the poor; poor bodies' *souls were not affected* by the Church. He and his *wife often said that it didn't give religion enough to satisfy them. I asked what did they do? Oh! went to meeting; heard very good doctrine there;*

would go anywhere where they could hear what was good. So one man disliked the Church because the charities of life were not performed by it, according to what might be expected when the amount of its money was considered; and the next found fault with its spiritual work. Were they right? I pursued my way.

Ellen Bright! How was she that afternoon? She was a church woman; was she not?

"Church, church! Yes, to be sure I am; of course I am; all folks know that. I've followed my Church these fifty years; why, to be sure I do; I wash for them!"

"Wash! wash for whom?" said I.

"Why, for Dr. Mabyn, to be sure, and Missis; and so I did for those that were before them; and a very good place to work at; plenty, plenty, plenty, I assure *you*. Meat and drink of the best, and no stint of hands. Oh, yes, yes; I follow the Church. Always, always."

"Where is Jane Bright, your neighbour?" I asked.

"At the parsonage. She works in the garden; has ever since she was at Sunday-school. She follows the Church too."

"Worldly interest only," said I to myself, and went on.

The last conversation I shall record was with a man generally called a dangerous fellow. He had plenty of sense; he had led a wandering sort of life; and he possessed a small independence. He had two brothers in B——, and he was suspected of being a Chartist, and a poacher, and a Dissenter.

"I think that I have heard that you are a Dissenter, Smith; are you?"

"Well, Mr. Jordan, perhaps I am a Dissenter; that is, if to be a member of the 'Anti-State Church Association' is to be a Dissenter."

"Well, you have said it pretty strongly, I think," said I. "Pray may I enquire to what sect you belong?"

"Oh, that's quite another thing," he exclaimed with a laugh; "I know nothing of any of their 'denominational camps'; I am not so easily pleased; a pack of hypocrites I believe them to be, judging them in the mass."

"You have a bad opinion of your fellow-men," I said.

"No," he replied, "not that either. I think them too amiable, too willing to be led, too willing to believe that this thing, and that thing, and the other thing will do them good; not strong-minded enough to look into things, and judge for themselves."

"What things do you speak of?"

"Of everything which pretends to do what it can't do; of all the great shams which are leading away men who ought to have asserted their rights and got their own before now."

"The rights of man! Ah, Mr. Smith, that's a difficult question."

"To my mind—to any unprejudiced mind, a very simple one," replied Smith. "Now, listen: every man born has a right to live; if he is born in a Christian country, I suppose that he has a right to be clothed and fed, and that he has also a right to go to heaven, seeing that God who allowed him to enter the world, thereby offered him a place on His right hand."

"I grant you all that," said I. "Every man

should be placed in a position to obtain those things."

Smith paused, and fixed his eager eyes upon me.

"And where are *we* to get that, Mr. Jordan?" he said.

"Where are we to get *that* kind of education? A man does not become a carpenter or a blacksmith without an education; a man can't learn a language till his ears or his eyes are educated in it; there is nothing on earth to be acquired except through some sort of education. Do you think, in the face of that fact, that a man's religion comes to him by inspiration, and that to know it and practise it requires no kind of educational discipline? Do you believe that Almighty God came down to earth, and being man as well as God, led a poor man's life, and then redeemed us by the sacrifice of himself, and then left that wonderful thing to be propagated about the world *by chance*? Did not God know that there would be men in these remote vallies working hundreds of years afterwards? and *if* that great work was done at all," he paused, and I shuddered at such an expression of unbelief. He saw that I shuddered, and he said again even more strongly than before, "And *if* that great work was done at all, would He not have provided, that to all eternity there should have been some institution existing, by which those who were willing to learn should be saved?"

I kept silence. "Answer me that, Mr. Jordan; answer me that, like an honest man," cried Smith.

"I believe that that great thing, the salvation of *man by the Lord Jesus*," said I, lifting my hat from my head, for I felt a degree of reverence at the moment which I had never felt before; "I believe

that great thing to be true; and therefore, Smith, I believe that in some way Almighty God *has* provided for its being taught and received to the end of the world."

"Perhaps you think as these new clergymen think, that the Church is the means! Enlighten their ignorance," said Smith, laughing. "The Church—the Church of England; 'tis a means of providing for younger sons; 'tis a means for increasing some great lord's property when he can buy the great tithes cheap; 'tis a means for giving government patronage; 'tis a means for getting seven-and-sixpence out of a poor man when he is married, and when there is a death in his house; and 'tis a means for putting a shilling into the clerk's pocket every baptism; 'tis a means for teaching half-a-dozen different doctrines; 'tis a means for oppressing the people with a church-rate for keeping up a building which they don't use; 'tis a means for shutting up the Universities, so that a poor man's son can't get the education that was intended for him; 'tis a means for making people swear to what they can't believe or reconcile to truth; 'tis a means for the dishonest distribution of money, keeping the poor out of their share of the tithes levied on the land, and thereby forcing them into the union houses, separating those whom God has joined, and bringing them into bad company, so that young children are brought up to learn wickedness such as they ought never to have known; and thus this Church of England is a means of teaching wickedness to those whom she *knows that Jesus loves*, so that she is the means of *greater sin than any other thing that ever grew up in a civilized country*. She is all the worse, Mr.

Jordan, because she bears so fair a face; she is a real whited sepulchre, very fine to look upon, but full of all uncleanness. And she is the more dangerous—now mark me—she is the more dangerous because *some good men* belong to her.”

“I suppose that you believe all that you say,” I replied, “so now, Mr. Smith, tell me where is that means for teaching the great truth of which you spoke just now? You don’t think that the Church of England is that means.”

He answered thus. “The Church of England has finally *this* to answer for—she has made me and thousands say of that great thing ‘*if it is true.*’ She has made unbelievers.

“For the love of heaven don’t say that,” I answered hurriedly. “She may just put the truth in a dull uninteresting manner, but she has the truth—she has it—depend upon that.”

Smith gave a cold sarcastic smile. “When the Church of England has decided what truth is; when all her paid ministers tell the same story; when all her great bishops say the same thing, then—*then* Mr. Jordan, she may have some claim on the attention of a plain man like me, but not till then,” and he was turning away.

“Smith, Smith,” I called, and he came back smiling, “Tell me this, where did you learn all these things? These ideas are not all your own. Some where beyond these vallies you have learnt to speak thus of the Church of England; *and somewhere,*” I added looking fixedly at him, “you have been spoken to on the great doctrine of redemption.” “Nay,” he answered, still smiling “the same place, time, and person will do for both.”

“Where then?” I again asked.



"A few years ago," he said, "I took some railway measuring work in France. I was quick, and I picked up enough of the language to get my dally wants answered, but as you may suppose, I was not able to do more. Sundays, and other days too, I used to go into the churches. They are very civil to strangers out there. As long as you are orderly, they encourage you to go out and go in as you please. There's a wonderful deal of devotion there. I used to see great rough-looking men, down on their knees, quite, as I may say, Mr. Jordan, enjoying their prayers, and little children, and women, and all sorts. At last it happened to me that I should break my leg. I was cast down; I could have cried; I believe I did; I know that I never was so miserable before, and when I was not miserably low-spirited, I was angry, and bitter things I said and thought—things I don't much like to recall even now. The people carried me off to an hospital, they called it the hospital of St. John, and there my leg was set, and myself attended to. It was a large airy room in which I lay, called the dormitory of the infirmary. Little white beds were placed down the whole length of the room, and screens between each, so that we were not looked in upon; and, fastened against each bed was a crucifix, a representation of that great thing of which we spoke just now. The judgment day may tell my thoughts as hour after hour, and day after day I gazed upon that thing; for, to tell you the truth Mr. Jordan, when I was a little boy I used to read that history sitting on a bank in my father's garden, and cry like rain."

Smith stopped for a moment as if he was going to weep again, but in an instant he went on. "At

last I said to the doctör one day—he understood English—‘if there is any man in this place who can speak my language, I should like a few minutes’ conversation now and then.’ He had not left me ten minutes, before the brethren, as they were called, who used to tend upon us, were very busy in the room, going from one bed to another, and at last they went away as if they had not found what they had been looking for. But again they returned, and one coming to me said very plainly, a friend is coming—will lie by you—not talk too much—good man—good man.

“Well, in another room were those who were cured, and only needed a little patient care and strengthening; there they had found a man who had once been a travelling servant to an English gentleman, and talked our language as well as you or I. And he, which was a true act of charity, consented to leave his quarters and occupy the bed next mine, that I might have company, and so there he was brought, and the dividing screen folded back for us to see each other.”

“I talked to that man about the crucifix, and he as nearly made me a Papist as could be!”

“And what saved you from that?” said I.

“That which I sha’n’t tell,” he answered. “I didn’t change my religion—*change* did I say? nonsense—I did not take on a religion, I should have said, for I am sure I’d none to change, though I had been in the hands of the Church of England all my life. A priest used to visit my friend, and he would talk English because the man told him that I wished to hear, and so I did. That priest put to me the question I put to you. If that great thing be true—that great thing represented by the

crucifix—would not God have provided for its being taught to the end of the world? I said that the Bible was that provision. No, he answered, that can't be, because there was no printing till comparatively late years, to enable the mass of the people to have the Bible. Then I thought of the Church, and I said that perhaps—though I had never believed it before—the Church was a divine institution for that purpose. And he said that so it was. But *not the Church of England*—only the *Catholic Church* that acknowledged the Pope as supreme pastor. He told me that the Catholic Church was in England till the Reformation; that then the people broke away from the Pope, and lost their Church, and their faith, and their morals too, and that there had been a sham Church here ever since. And the reason of this sham Church being here is, that the endowments, the lands and the tithes, were too valuable to lose, though the crown and some of the people got a large share. And thus, you see, when some good men try to work a Church system, they can't succeed. They are deceived themselves. It is no Church at all."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### OPINIONS.

SMITH and I renewed our conversation the next day.

"Well, Mr. Jordan, how goes on your investigation?" he asked, as I passed his cottage on my way to the village of Oakhurst.

"Very well," I answered; "Sir Boston will have no want of customers."

"Yet you have never offered me any of your bounty."

"No; I did not think that you were in want of it."

"Why, I have a vote for the county. Is not a forty-shilling freehold a sufficient claim?"

I laughed. "Oh," he went on "you're a bad servant to Sir Boston. I'll be offended, and not vote for him next time."

"You'll be no such idiot," I said.

"Well, that's a compliment I suppose; and I must be contented with fine words instead of fine potatoes. And, to tell the truth, I think you have taken the just view of things, Mr. Jordan; and as I am not in particular want of anything, and am a craver for justice generally, I am very well pleased."

"How that word 'justice' is misused," said I.

"By me?"

"I dare say. But I don't know your real feelings."

"I feel that there should be more equality in the world. I feel that there should be *no people* in the depths of misery to which *some* are reduced. You may be sure of this, Mr. Jordan, that Almighty God never intended that there should be such depths of destitution as there are in England at this day."

"Well, I agree to that," I said.

"The 'distinctions' between the classes are too great. The rich are pushing the poor away. The poor are increasing, and the rich are getting together, closer and closer in their class, to get out of the sight of their poverty, and out of the hearing of their complaining. Then some of the poor get lower and lower, actually debased, sick in body and mind, and unclean like the lepers of old. It is impossible, say the rich, that we should come near to such as they; put them away—away beyond the gates; we cannot be offended by such as these; and the cry is 'away, away!' and they wrap themselves closer and closer in their exclusiveness, and shut their ears, and turn away their eyes, and their hearts are hardened more than before. Now if ever the cry of the destitute should rise in this land, let the rich beware! that will be a bad day—a day in which I would rather be a forty-shilling freeholder than Sir Boston Knightley himself."

"It is easy, very easy, to point out difficulties; but can you show the remedy," I asked.

"If I was convinced of the truth of that of which we spoke yesterday, I should say that the Church was founded by God to remedy that evil as well as others. I believe that formerly, in this country, the religious houses stood between the rich and the *poor*."

"How so?"

"The monasteries were filled by men of various classes. The poor man, like me, and the sons of the great lords there met on equal terms. Worldly distinctions were given up for the love of Him who, for our sakes, became poor. *There was a real equality.*"

"But how can you call that an equality, which had inside one house as many ranks as there are outside in the world?" I asked.

"There is the mistake that people fall into; they think that equality means that every man shall be called Dick, Tom, and Harry, and that each shall have the same number of shillings a week. I once talked that trash myself; but I have thought and worked till I knew that this world can see but one sort of equality, and that is this: that for the sake of that which the crucifix shows, all men should know all men to be equal in God's sight; and so behave, all men to all men, with that perfect respect and consideration, and even love, which such a knowledge, *well eaten into the heart*, would produce. The rich would not then be always saying to the poor, 'Stand aside, for I am better than thou;' the language would be very different; there would be in all things the brotherly element, and that is what we want—the *brotherly element*. In the monastery rich and poor met together—the high-born and the low; all had a fair chance, and got placed where they could best serve the community generally; and there was no jealousy, because of the brotherly love."

"And so you think that religious houses of monks and nuns are links to keep the rich and the poor from getting too far off from each other?"

"Yes, I do."

"Its only as a matter of feeling; they don't, *in fact*, do so," said I. And I recollect that I thought that I was making rather a clever distinction between fact and feeling, and that I felt rather taken down when Smith, after a short, contemptuous laugh, said, "And is not feeling a fact, master? Ah, you are not too good a scholar for me, I can tell you. If a rich man *feels* that the poor man is in the sight of God his equal—if he knows that this heavenly principle is acted out on earth in certain places, so as to bear a constant witness to its truth, then that feeling works upon his mind and produces a real understanding and acknowledgment of the just position and rights of the poor. There was One," continued Smith, solemnly, "who for our sakes became poor that he might redeem us. *He loved us*. If there are those now, who for *HIS* sake become poor that they may teach us of that redemption, how much must *they* love us! Now, no man need fear another man, be that other man's situation what it may, if there be *love* between them. Love draws people together; and, however much distance there may appear to remain, it prevents enmity from mingling with it. Ah, when I have heard of holy monks and nuns—when I have listened to their histories—when I lay sick at that place I told you of yesterday, truly my heart burnt within me."

"Why did you not turn Catholic? You are a Papist; you must be," I exclaimed.

"No *must*," answered Smith. "It was offered, and I refused."

"But why?"

"I told you yesterday, and I repeat it now, that *I shall not say why*," replied Smith.

"Well," said I, smiling, "all I can say is, that you are very romantic."

"Romantic!" he exclaimed, and repeating the word many times, laughed heartily. "No, no, Mr. Jordan—practical, sir, practical—the most practical man in this part of the country. Now look you here, Mr. Jordan, do you call this a *religious* country?"

"Why, really—indeed—" I hesitated, for I did not know what to say.

"Don't stammer," said Smith, and then he laughed provokingly. "Perhaps you are not up to the words proper for the occasion. I'll help you myself. You shall go to some religious meeting—*religious* as they *call* it; you shall hear there of this happy country, this blessed land where the pure Gospel of Christ is preached from one end to the other; on whose hills the rays of the sun of righteousness shine without setting, and whose vallies are penetrated by its searching light. You will be told that this message from God to man is ringing in the ears of the people, and that of all the nations of the earth this is most blessed in a pure and apostolic—though a reformed Church."

"Upon my word, Smith," I said, "you are an orator."

"Are you a humbug?" he answered very quickly; "do *you* talk that stuff; I know that you can't *believe* it."

"And why not believe it?" said I. "I think that this country is the finest upon earth."

"And so do I," replied Smith, a broad smile coming upon his face; "I think that Englishmen are the best fellows in the world; I like the character; it is a fine, honest character, but easily



led away ; now mind this, Mr. Jordan—easily led away *by praise*. What the Englishman *wishes* to believe, that, if he is told it, he will receive and *say* that he believes, and yet it is not a true belief ; at the bottom of his heart he doubts, and in spite of his words—at the bottom of his heart he is an honest man still. And so, Mr. Jordan, go to the bottom of your heart, and tell me 'do you believe this to be a religious country ?'

"I am sure of this," I replied ; and my dear readers I am quite sure of it now. "I am sure that there is a great deal of *religious feeling* in this country ; it shows itself in many different ways. There certainly does not exist any one form of religion to which people agree to turn their hearts, but that may not be *their* fault."

"There is a great deal of religious *feeling*," said Smith, "and yet this is not a religious country ; and all the stuff that people talk about 'the pure light of the Gospel shining everywhere,' is just a lie."

"The Church is found everywhere," I remarked.

"And does nothing," said Smith.

"What more, or what better would you have ?" I asked.

"Have ! what would I have ? I'll tell you," exclaimed Smith with energy. "I would have the Gospel taught as it was taught of old time ; I would have priests, like the Apostles, taking no rest while there were souls to save ; I would find them weeping tears of love to the dissolute man ; I would see them following vice into all its haunts, and bringing forth polluted souls in the strength of a purity on which the unholy fires around could leave neither stain or smell ; I would see them loving little children and blessing them, and bringing them up

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with such watchful care as that, if possible, they should know sin only by name. They should besiege earth with their deeds, and heaven with their prayers, till the work was done; till man went to his labour with his eyes waiting on heaven, and his thoughts keeping his heart, and on his lips the words of recollection—my soul, my immortal soul, my immortal, redeemed soul!”

“In truth, Smith,” said I, “you *know* what’s right.” I was affected by the man’s earnestness, and by the outpouring manner in which he spoke. “But,” I went on, “you describe a thing that would make earth into heaven, and——”

“And that,” he said, interrupting me, “a Church—if there is such a thing as a Church sent by God—that is what she is meant to do.”

“Nay,” I answered, “this is a time of trial.”

“Of course, of course,” he said hastily, “but let us talk no more; it brings back thoughts. Ah, well, good day, Mr. Jordan; we have talked enough to-day;” and Smith casting his spade upon the ground, turned suddenly from me and walked away.

## CHAPTER IX.

### I SEEK A FRIEND.

MARTIN SMITH was quite the character of the neighbourhood. He worked hard, and where he could get good wages. He went far to work—twenty or thirty miles off was nothing to him if he could get a profitable job. He was very clever. His father had been a rich man for his place in life, and had left full two thousand pounds' worth of property when he died. This had been divided between his three children, who were all sons. The eldest and the youngest had chosen the iron trade in the great town of B——; but Martin had taken his father's cottage and garden, and had purchased his two brother's shares of the land belonging to it, and had led a hard-working, out-door life.

I had known Smith for years, yet, never in that time had I had as much conversation with him as had now taken place in the last two days. I had rather avoided him before, because he was talked of as a rebellious spirit; but now I thought that he had been hardly judged, and that in my search after truth I might possibly be indirectly assisted by the strong sayings of this Martin Smith.

Thus musing on what had passed, I returned home. I will not occupy my reader's time with relating the various forms these musings took. I will only say, that sometimes I thought that Almighty God had given the Church of England to the people, and that, therefore, it was wrong to go to any

other form of worship; and that another time, struck with the Church of England *not* performing God's work of keeping the people from the practice of sin, I thought I had better turn to some lively form of dissent; but these thoughts were confined to my own heart. Outwardly I was the same; I read prayers, and I went to church, and I tried to make my little girls understand that God was to be in all their thoughts; but I did not feel that I succeeded either in impressing their minds as I wished to do, or in satisfying my own. A whole year passed on in this way. I saw Smith only a few times; he always talked in the same sort of way. People in the parish died, old and young, and middle aged. For the most part, those who were anxious about religion, were attended on their death-beds by Dissenters; but many, almost all, died stupidly, as they had lived. I can find no other word for it; they were not unhappy, or under any particular anxiety; they were neither repentant or unrepentant; they were in a stupid state and so died, thanking Dr. Mabyn because he had spoken at "the board," and got them an increase of parish pay; and blessing Mrs. Mabyn, who had brought them tea and sugar, wine and jelly. These refused the offices of the Dissenters, because they had always held by their church, and so they had gone to judgment—not feeling—not knowing—not even suspecting that that "*church*" had been to them *not* a holy mother, but an empty sound.

These things weighed upon my mind, the whole question of religion seemed so *dull*. I thought of Mrs. Yeoman who had talked of the old pudding of Popery, and how all the tasty things had been taken

out of it by the Church of England, which pretended to be the Catholic Church still; and I felt that truly it was but poor fare that we were offered now; so poor, that few people had any appetite for it; and that such as had been contented to live by that church, did not really care for anything beyond those charities of life which its richer members bestowed upon its poorer. I felt sadly disheartened.

Sometimes I thought that it would be right for me in my puzzled state of mind to talk to Dr. Mabyn; but then I thought the minute afterwards, that it would be of no use. At last, however, fearing that the thought *not* to go to him might be a temptation to keep me from what would benefit my soul, I determined to pay that gentleman a visit.

It was about seven o'clock on a summer evening when I found myself at the vicarage door. I was going to ring, but seeing Dr. Mabyn alone in the pretty garden that skirted one end of the house, I walked towards him.

"Ah, Mr. Jordan, how d'ye do; glad to see you; any message from Sir Boston?"

"No, Dr. Mabyn. I come on another business, and on my own account."

"Ah; well; what is it?"

Dr. Mabyn was a venerable old man, and possessed of a kind heart. I thought it best to jump into the subject at once, so I said, "I am tempted to become a Dissenter, sir."

"You, Mr. Jordan, you sir? Bless my heart," exclaimed the old gentleman, "who has got hold of you, I wonder?"

"Only my own thoughts, sir," I answered. "I want help; I am come for yours. I thought, sir,

that it was most in accordance with church principles to speak to you."

"Quite right," he answered, relieving himself with a deep drawn breath. "Come here; this way; let us walk up this road; and now tell me what you mean?"

"I feel that I want more than I have—more than I can get. I see people live and die, as people say, blamelessly, but I feel that such a life and such a death would not do for me."

You may be as good as you like, Mr. Jordan," said the doctor rather severely. His stern tone stopped me; I did not for a moment know what to say; we walked on in silence, and in my ears were ringing the words "you may be as good as you like," and I begun to feel that I was a foolish fellow, wanting to be something out of the common, and not content to slave on, doing my best in this poor slaving world, but idly seeking the peace and joys of heaven before the time. But all at once in contrast to such dull thoughts of life there rose up in a strangely distinct way in my mind the picture of the Frenchman we had saved from death, and his gladness of heart at having had life restored to him. I recollected his words about unforgiven sins, so I answered Dr. Mabyn that I knew that the Church of England encouraged people to lead good lives, but that I felt that I had committed many sins in my life, and that I had therefore to make amends to God for having offended Him.

"Those who are repentant *are* forgiven," said Dr. Mabyn. "I think that I am repentant," I said doubtingly. "If you truly desire to lead a good life, of course you are," he replied. There ~~was~~

again a pause. At last I spoke again. "Dr. Mabyn, let me tell you the truth without disguise. I feel religion to be so *dull*. I can pray more heartily at home than at church. I feel in want of *personal* care; I think that that truly expresses what I mean—I want *personal* care; I think that *that* is not given by the Church of England. People live in it, and die in it like animals without hearts, especially the *poor* people who follow the Church, Dr. Mabyn; we want our hearts warmed, our spirits raised, our consciences quickened; we want life and energy; I assure you, Dr. Mabyn, I feel like a man wrapped round with a stiff unyielding bandage—a bandage invisible to others, but felt by himself so severely, that he cannot move hands or feet, or go the way he wishes." I never, even to myself, had so plainly declared my want before, but this just expressed the feelings by which I had been oppressed.

"Mr. Jordan," replied Dr. Mabyn with great kindness of manner, "I respect you for what you have said, though you are wrong to lay such blame on the Church of your baptism, which is, in fact, your spiritual mother. Your's is not an uncommon state. You are awakened to a desire after what is pleasing to God, and, like all young spirits, you wish to begin your race at a gallop. But you must restrain yourself. Pray to God, frequent his services, lead a good life; you will soon find that these excited feelings will subside into that sobriety which is a Christian virtue. Be sober, be diligent—watch and pray; take heed that you are not led astray by any man's vain words, but search the Scriptures. I shall always be glad to speak to you. *Come to me again, shortly; and, in the mean time, may God's holy spirit guide you!*"

There was, I thought, a slight tremour in the good old man's voice as he concluded the sentence, and it went to my heart to hear it. I had involuntarily taken off my hat, and bowed my head when he said those solemn words; and now that he held out his hand, I took it in mine, thanked him, and departed.

But as I went home I knew that I had neither made Dr. Mabyn understand what was in my heart, or received the smallest consolation from him. It was as if a hungry man, having declared his wants, had been told to eat, and had departed looking in vain for meat. I had obtained nothing but disappointment.

And so passed a few weeks, and I tried to be contented, but I could not. My worldly affairs were going on well. My dear girl had given great satisfaction in the school where she was now a teacher, and my boy had so distinguished himself as to make it pretty nearly certain that he would gain his scholarship, and go to college in the course of a year. These were great prospects for a working man, as I was. I felt that earthly things were successful; that I could see my way plainly enough in all that concerned *them*; and how much did I desire to see my way as plainly in things in which my eternal interests were concerned.

But soon an incident occurred which made me take a further step in the way of my religious enquiry. It happened in this way:

I observed on a certain Monday, that some of the orchidaceous plants required tying up. It was a delicate matter to do, for they were forming flower, and the thread-like stems of some of them required to be carefully handled. I determined to keep two



men, called John Villars and Henry Jones, to help me after the hour of leaving work.

At the time when I expected the men in the hot-house, only Villars appeared. I found that Jones had left the gardens before my message had been received.

"He's gone to the fun at Helstead," said Villars. "He started directly the clock struck.

"What is the fun there?" I asked.

"Aye, master; not much, I suppose," replied the man, as if he would avoid telling.

"Perhaps you wanted to go, too," I said.

"No, no; not I. I like Mr. Temple very well, for my part."

"Mr. Temple!" I exclaimed. "What about him?"

"Why, there's a sort of a row getting up for to-night," said Villars. "I can't tell how Jones came to know it; but there's many in it—rich as well as poor; there's to be some work in the church, I hear; yes, master, in the church itself. This, you understand, is a day when Mr. Temple has evening service, and they say that he hears confessions those days, and the people at Helstead wont stand it. They say its Popery."

"Confessions!" said I. "That does seem odd, Villars. That's new to me. Confessions! Who goes?"

"Why, only they that like. And if they like it, why should they not? I don't like interfering with people about religion. If there are people found who like to make their confessions to Mr. Temple, why prevent them? That's what I say; why not? If a man commit a murder, he's expected to make confession *then*; and people have a better opinion of

the safety of his soul if their curiosity has been gratified by hearing all, how, and why he did it. Now if it's no harm, but, on the contrary, good, for the soul of a condemned criminal to make a confession of his sin, why should it be bad for the soul of a man who may be a condemned criminal in God's sight, though he isn't in ours? If 'tis *good* for his soul to confess one time, of course it can't be *bad* for his soul to confess at another time. That's what I say. I aint going to confession myself, but I aint going to prevent others from going; and I am very sorry for this row, for I have a very good opinion of Mr. Temple."

We talked of Mr. Temple till our work in the hot-house was done, and then I went home with my mind full of what I had heard; and as I had paid an unsuccessful visit to Dr. Mabyn, I determined on trying an experiment in another quarter. I would call on Mr. Temple.

## CHAPTER X.

### MR. TEMPLE.

ALL the world knows that there have been, of late years, in the establishment, certain clergymen called High Churchmen, Tractarians, Puseyites—but calling themselves Anglo-Catholics, because their teaching is, that the Established Church is a true branch of the Holy Catholic Church, though broken off from Rome; and that as the real Catholic priests are Roman Catholics, so they are Anglo-Catholics. Of this sort was Mr. Temple:

The day after my conversation with Villars, I went to Helstead. After work was over in the evening, I mounted the steward's pony, and was soon there. I put up the pony at the inn.

"Had you much of a row here, yesterday?" I asked.

"Why, yes," said the ostler; "and there'll be more soon. Mr. Temple wont find people to take to his Popish ways."

"Mr. Temple has his friends as well as his foes, I suppose."

"Why, yes; he has *some* friends, I believe; but 'tis the parish church, and the parish wont stand his pranks. If he wants his own way, why does he not turn Dissenter and build a place for himself. But if he takes our money he must just give us what we like."

"Perhaps he thinks that his ways are good for *you*," I said.

"Oh! who made *him* a judge, I wonder?" replied the man; and with a scornful laugh he led the pony off.

I rang the bell at Mr. Temple's door, and asked the woman-servant, who opened it, whether her master was in. She said that he was, and showed me into a rather empty-looking parlour on the right hand side. I asked her to say to Mr. Temple, that if he had half-an-hour to spare, a person wanted to speak to him.

In a minute I heard a movement overhead, and then Mr. Temple came down stairs, and entered the room where I was waiting. He had rather a surprised and hurried manner with him, but he approached me with great courtesy, and bowing set me a chair; but I did not take the chair, for I fancied that we were not going to have our talk there; so I met his dark eyes' glance—and there was a half frightened look of enquiry in it—with a smile, and said, "Mr. Temple, I have taken the liberty of calling to ask for half-an-hour's discussion of a subject, on which it is a new thing for me to speak, but not, I am sure, a new thing to you to hear of."

He pushed aside the chair that he had been offering me, and said, looking at me with a searching look, "There is one subject with which it is my calling to be familiar; do you mean *religion*?"

"Yes, sir, I do," I answered firmly. A sort of light came over his face; all trace of embarrassment was gone directly. "We shall be more free from possible interruption up stairs," he said; "will you go to my little study with me?"

I assented, and followed him to that very room with a painted window in it, which had been, some time before, the object of attack from the mob.

"This is not a very popular room with some of my parishioners," he said, smiling.

"They fancy it to be a chapel, or oratory, or something of that kind," said I.

"It has always been as you see," he answered; "except," and here he smiled rather sadly, "except that once that window was not broken."

The window had been patched together by himself. It looked east, and a calm, still summer evening light shone through it. There was another window at the other end of the room, and through that the rich glow of the setting sun poured full upon Mr. Temple, as he seated himself with his back to it, and motioned me to a seat just opposite to him. I leaned my elbow on the reading-table which was at our side, and neither spoke for several moments. At last I said, "You have not asked me who I am, sir? Do you know?"

He smiled and said, "But I have asked you what you want; that is all that I need know, I suppose."

"I will tell you more," I said. "I am Sir Boston Knightley's head gardener; my name is Jordan."

"Oh, I know you now very well," said Mr. Temple. "You are not an unknown man, I assure you, Mr. Jordan."

"And I have long determined to be religious," said I, blurring it out very quickly.

"Are you a member of the Church?" asked Mr. Temple. "Yes, sir. And I think that this Church does very little for me, or for anybody belonging to her, and it makes me very uncomfortable, and keeps me restless, and I want to be satisfied; do you understand me, sir?" "Yes; I do perfectly," he replied very quickly. But I saw that an *expression of pain* passed over his countenance.

"Would you enter a little more into your feelings and habits, Mr. Jordan."

"Yes, willingly," I answered. And then I spoke for some time, and told him all that you already know, and insisted chiefly on these things: that the Church of England did not attend to the discipline of the heart in childhood, and had no means for preserving the purity of morals in youth; that when a man wished to become religious he had so many ways to choose from, owing to the divided state of religious opinion in the country, that he knew not how to decide upon what was the best; that the claim of the Church of England to be the true way was very puzzling, because there was not found in her the unity of opinion, and the love of souls, and the great zeal in religion which must be expected from any gift of God. Here I stopped that I might have these things answered first.

"The best way—because it is the truth—the best way to meet you about these things, Mr. Jordan, is to grant the truth of what you say. A blindness, a stupor, has been upon our mother the Church. The *people*—that great, great thing, that engine of power for good or evil—the people have turned aside from her. *Why*, I cannot tell you; why this seeming death fell upon her only the day of judgment will reveal. But *now* she is awakening—now she is rising from sleep, and now she is hastening to put on her beautiful garments; the crimes you bring against her are *past* sins. Here and there, yet, in many places of this land the burning fire of God's love is seen—seen like beacon-lights—and the fire will spread till all obstacles *shall* give way before it, and lukewarmness shall be

known no more, and the evils of which you complain shall melt away, and the child's heart shall burn with innocent rejoicings, and the heart of the man with holy zeal, and England's Church shall again be known to be a true Church—the spouse of Christ; and this land once more rise to be, what it once was—a land of saints.”

He spoke low and rapidly; his head was supported by his hand, and his hand shaded his eyes.

“And such things you hope for, Mr. Temple,” said I.

“I see them coming—I am sure they are coming,” he replied. “The Lord will not forget his people—he will not hide his face for ever.”

“And what may I hope to see this Church of England become?” I asked.

“That which a church is intended to be. The representation of God's love to man. The means by which man knows God. The means by which God communicates with man.”

“And, in the mean time, what am I to do?”

“Stay in her—pray for her. By your own prayers hasten the time of her reappearance in power; by your own good works, lay up jewels for her crown.”

I own that the hopes I heard uttered by Mr. Temple, and the low, quiet, but very earnest manner in which he spoke took my fancy exceedingly. But I determined to use common sense in the matter, so I tried to keep down my imagination, and really to acquire all that could in one visit be learnt on the subject that interested me.

“And what claim has the Church of England to this high destiny?” I asked.

“*The claim of a Church,*” he answered. “You

know that the Church is the institution of God himself—that the apostles were its first bishops; that from them there has come down a regular succession—no destiny is too high for that which claims to be *of God*, and not in any way of man.”

“You are a scholar, I believe, Mr. Temple. I have heard you spoken of as a great scholar.”

“I know that I have that reputation, Mr. Jordan, and as I am speaking in the cause of Holy Church, I will say that I believe it to be a just one.”

“And you have read for yourself, and not taken things at second-hand—and you believe this doctrine of a *church*.”

“I firmly believe,” said he solemnly, “that there is *no one doctrine* of the Creed more true—more certainly to be proved—not even that of the Redeemer’s work—than the doctrine you speak of: ‘I believe in one Catholic and Apostolic Church.’”

“Then her claim is, that she is sent from heaven.”

“Yes.”

“Where was the Church of England before the Reformation?”

“Before the Reformation,” said Mr. Temple, “the Church in England was the Roman Church. At that time this country reformed certain errors which had crept into the *Roman Catholic Church*. Rome and herself then ceased to hold communion. But that did not affect her position as a true *branch* of that old Church. I grant you that many things were done unwisely then, and by men of heated minds; but the true succession was preserved, and England has a true Church still.”

“I think—I think,” I said cautiously, “that I am satisfied on those points. And now, sir, how



shall I satisfy the desire after religion, and religious progress. I don't like standing still, Mr. Temple. Give me some idea of what should be done."

"The great enemy of salvation is sin," said Mr. Temple, still shading his eyes and looking down, "and the great antagonist of sin is the Church. The Church by the Sacrament of Baptism purifies the child—and I confess to you, Mr. Jordan, that I know no way for the purification of the *man* than confession, repentance, and absolution; and no other strength except in the receiving of the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ.

"And you truly believe, Mr. Temple, that the clergy of the Established Church have power to absolve?"

"It is the legacy which comes down through the apostolical succession, the power to absolve from sin when that sin is repented of, and amendment intended. *That* power, and the *other*—the power of consecrating—by which the bread and wine becomes verily and indeed the body and blood—those powers are our spiritual legacy. We are preachers of the Word, but not preachers only; we are teachers, but not schoolmasters only; we are the means—the channel by which God's pardon flows down to man. The priest stands between repentant man and forgiving God, and they communicate through him."

I felt immediately that this was the kind of thing I wanted—the kind of thing I wished to believe. I felt the blessing of self-examination. I would become a little child, and daily examine myself; and then at certain times I would seek the priest *as a servant of our holy mother the Church*, and

my means of communication with a pardoning God, and I would confess my sins and be absolved. And I would seek strength for my soul in the precious altar food. And I would go on from one step of purification to another till when I came to die, I should be fit to meet my Judge.

I rose up to go.

"Come and talk to me whenever you like," said Mr. Temple.

"I shall come again, sir. I think to confession," I said, as I held his hand in departing. "Thank God," he said, "if my words have had power with them—thank God." *My* heart too was thanking God, and I went my way comforted.

## CHAPTER XI.

### A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

I do not wish you, my dear readers, to believe that I have, in the last chapter, repeated every word that passed between the Puseyite, Mr. Temple, and myself. I have purposely left out all that could be left out, and given you only what is necessary to your following my mind in its advances towards truth. Our conversation lasted not minutes but hours, for it was nearly ten o'clock on that fair summer night when I found myself again at the stable where I had put up the pony. I intended to go home immediately, but I was destined to be detained.

As I stood by a door, which led into what is called "the Tap," I heard Mr. Temple's name mentioned. It was mentioned again and again, and sometimes bursts of anger, and sometimes bursts of merriment followed it. I walked in, and, ordering something to drink, sat down near the speakers.

My heart had felt both softened and satisfied by my conversation with Mr. Temple. I had felt the strongest impression of his personal holiness, and was persuaded of a burning love for souls being in his heart. His desire was that men should be converted from their evil ways, and become such as God loved, and I can hardly tell how much I honoured him for such really heavenly desires. The language, therefore, that was pouring forth *around me*, fell on my ears and sunk into my

heart, making me feel as if I was being pelted with red hot shot. It seemed to me too terrible to answer, and I felt as if in the presence of a party of evil spirits.

In the insults that had been offered to Mr. Temple and to the church in which he had been preaching, these men rejoiced with an intensity of joy which was horrifying. They had not done with him yet, they said; they would take his pride out of him—they would stop his Popery—they'd make the bishop put him down—there should be no more peace in Helstead till he was out of it. I rushed away with a feeling of trembling at my heart. With their oaths and imprecations, their brutal threats and impious jests still ringing in my ears, I went to where my pony stood. A man having the appearance of a substantial farmer, and who was just getting into a gig, said, "Well, well, Mr. Temple had best let us have our own way, I think. I've been telling the church-wardens that they must complain. They did very well before this young parson came; why can't he let things alone, I wonder. The people are not going to stand any nonsense I can tell him."

I took my pony by the bridle and led him away, saying to myself, "the people—the people—Mr. Temple wants to see the people become holy; the people wont have it: what times are these!"

I continued leading the pony up the street. I walked with my head down, for I was in thought. Helstead was not a small town, and it took me some minutes to walk through the main streets, and then I went on my way through that part where the streets narrowed, and high houses, looking out of repair, and dingy, and dirty, threw long shadows and made the way comparatively obscure.

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All at once a figure passed before my eyes, and so rapidly and so unexpectedly that, though I was sure I recognised the Frenchman whom we had saved from death, I could not tell which way he had gone. I stood still. I looked around—many people were passing but he was not among them, and owing to the little light I could not see far from where I stood. I advanced a step. Underneath a gas-light, which was burning high above, there stood a man smoking.

“Did you see a man pass close by here very quickly,” I asked.

“No,” he said, taking the pipe from his mouth, “No! yet stay; yes, I see a man run into the house.”

“What house?” said I.

“Why this house to be sure,” pointing with his elbow to the open door by his side. “This lodging house to be sure. But stay master—if you want anybody you are not going to make a row there unless you’ve a constable to back you. ’Tis my house, and I take lodgers, and I’m not going to have them molested except according to law.”

“I don’t want to molest anybody,” I said; “but a man—a Frenchman, in whom I have an interest, passed me suddenly just now, and I want to see him—we are friends—he will be glad to see me; may I go in?”

“Well, and I did hear some sort of foreign lingo talking not long since. Perhaps he is in there—you’ll want some one to hold your horse—shall I?”

“If you please,” I answered, “and who will show me the way?”

“Betty,” cried the man, loudly. A wretched, *saunty*, vulgar-looking woman appeared. “Here,

show this gentleman the lodging room—he's after somebody—all in friendship—there, show him in ; you need not be afraid."

Still the woman seemed to hesitate ; so I put a shilling into her hand and said, "I'm looking for a poor man for whom I have a kindness—I think that I may find him here." The money had the expected effect. The woman passed without another word through the passage, and led the way up a wide stair-case with carved oak banisters, all black with dirt and age, and looking strangely out of place in a dwelling now evidently occupied by some of the most degraded of our kind. I felt convinced before I had been one minute under the woman's guidance, that my friend, the Frenchman, would not put up in such a house as that for the night. But being so far gone in the adventure, I would not return, but followed the woman to the top of the stairs.

She pushed open a crazy door, and I was instantly standing within a long, large, lofty room. The gas-light shone through it, and showed its stuccoed ceiling and painted walls ; once it had been the resort of the refined, the gay, the noble, the powerful, but now—it was crowded with beds, so crowded that there was only an alley left up the middle of the apartment, and room for one person to pass between them, as they were placed side by side in a double row, the whole length of the place. No curtain or screen of any kind interposed between them. And on them lay, or sat, or by their sides stood human beings of both sexes and all ages, exhibiting, as it seemed to my mind, every degree of misery, and, perhaps, of vice.

I wont describe what I saw ; it was truly shock-

ing—more, it was harrowing and disgusting. But my story is about myself, and painfully interesting as the description of such a scene would be, I will only say that, notwithstanding my disgust, I felt that I was in the presence of sin and sorrow. Alas! what sin! what sorrow! My heart yearned to restore the creatures I saw to goodness and respectability; to give them back to society and to God; yes, to God; for were they not baptised Christians? were they not sheep of the fold; and had I not just learned that that fold was called the Church? and the name of the Good Shepherd; did I not know it?—JESUS.

I scarcely heard the woman ask if a Frenchman was among them. I scarcely heard the declaration that there he was not; but I was again at the door of the house, and again leading my pony. I was going on my way. It was to be a night of adventures.

I have already said that my house was only two miles from Helstead. I was now about half-a-mile from the town, and at the summit of a gently rising hill. All at once my steps were again arrested, but not this time by the fleeting form of the Frenchman, but by the figure of a woman. She was a young woman; she looked about twenty-two or three at the utmost; she was dressed in a plaid shawl, her petticoat was tattered, and her stockingless feet were thrust into thin worn-out slippers. Her bonnet was pushed off from her face, and she seemed like one over-heated by violent exercise, for she could scarcely speak plain from the quick action of the heart.

“Buy, sir—buy—buy something of me for the love of heaven and mercy!” I observed something



remarkable in her manner of speaking, something refined, and, as it were, above the common, and I stood before her speechless and surprised.

"Buy, sir; buy," she again exclaimed. And now she took from a basket hanging beneath her shawl, something that really startled me. In the clear light she held forth flowers—such flowers! How strangely beautiful they looked to my eyes at that moment. Roses, whose deep blush never paled beneath the night light; lillies, how they hung their heads, and how their whiteness glittered; and a long wreath of a climbing hot-house favourite of mine hung over her hand; and again she besought me in the most touching tones to buy. "Oh, sir, have pity upon me; buy, sir, buy!"

"What are these? Who are you, young woman?" I exclaimed in a breath.

They were artificial flowers. "I am unfortunate; I make these things; I can't do anything else; I have not been able to sell a single flower in Helstead. One lady gave me sixpence. Alas! I bought food with it; I foolishly spent it all; I relied on selling something during all the day, but I have never touched a farthing since. Oh, sir, will you not buy, or give me a trifle? Have mercy on ——" now her words were drowned in tears.

"You have a wedding ring; you are married; where is your husband?" I asked.

And now, for the first time, I observed that she was very beautiful. She fixed such lustrous eyes upon me. The big tears stood still in them, and those that stood upon her cheek sparkled in the moon-light. I shall never forget the look she gave me—a quick, enquiring look—and then such a shadow of sorrow came across her countenance, and

I beheld more anguish of mind traced there than I had ever seen upon a fellow-creature's face before.

"Deserted," she said, "deserted—betrayed!"

I felt that it was a reckless thing of me, a mere passenger on the road, to have called up such thoughts of sorrow, and thus to have probed to the source of her private grief. I blamed myself severely for what I had said. And, as if the recollection of this great grief had caused her to forget her present wants, the young woman began to replace her flowers in her basket without repeating her supplication for charity. I put my hand in my pocket to seek for money; there was but two-pence there. I had left home with two shillings; I had changed sixpence at the turnpike-gate, and received back four-pence; I had spent sixpence at the inn; I had given a shilling to the woman at the lodging-house; I had felt at the moment that it was too much to give her, but I was anxious about the Frenchman, and it was no place in which to ask for change; and of my pence I had put half into the hand of the man who had held the pony, and so I had only two-pence left. I took it out of my pocket and held it in my open hand.

She fixed her eyes upon it, and said, like a person talking to herself—"It is not enough; it would get me a bed there—*there*—but, oh God! not *that*!"

I felt certain that she was thinking of the lodging-house.

"Not there—not *there*," she replied. "No; I am not come to *that*. Holy angels keep me from that; holy saints pray for me to be kept away from that; it is not enough," she said again, and *this time* looking with her strange large, black, *beaming eyes* into my face.

"I have no more," I said, sadly. My heart was saying within me that I should offer to take her home; that she should lie on a bed of ours that night; but an answer came also from within saying, that I knew not who she was, or what she was, and that it must not be. "Take the pence," said I, "it will be useful perhaps to-morrow." She took them slowly from my hand.

"Yes; to-morrow, to-morrow," she said. "But to-night; the last night I managed well. I found a good shed—a roofed-in shed, and in a corner was some straw. But to-night?—I have been walking and running hours to find some shelter. The hedge side is not safe; it is exposed, and I might be found; I have wandered all night before now; I must again." The woman paused, and threw back her head as if listening. I heard the sound of wheels advancing, and with it mingled notes of gay laughter. The poor creature fled past me; she fled like a frightened fawn, and was gone before I could speak to stop her.

"Well," said I to myself, "she had all that I could give her. There would have been no good in any further talking; may heaven help her." And so musing, I walked on.

Presently a gig, with two loudly talking youths, met me. Passing by rapidly they, too, were gone in an instant. Still I walked on, leading my pony, and busy with my thoughts. But in another moment I was startled by the sound of the gig wheels, to which I had unconsciously been listening, stopping; and then there came a voice hailing somebody. "Halloo, halloo," I heard repeated several times. I stood still listening. Soon the sound of moving wheels returned again, and a *ringing* peal of laughter mingled with it.

"She only wanted a shed," said my conscience loudly, "could you not have offered her the cow-house? To have walked a mile-and-half with you would have been better than wandering all night."

I could bear it no longer; so, I mounted the pony, and rode back towards the town as fast as I could go. I soon saw the gig—both youths were in it. She had not then been pursued, even if she had been seen. I hoped that they had not been frightening her by calling after her. I rode to the entrance of the town; then I returned slowly; I went into every field; I called after her—"my young friend—I can give you further help—don't be afraid—young woman—flower girl—don't be afraid. I can help you." Thus I called, but no answer was given—I searched long, but in vain; and returned home not before nearly midnight to tell my wife my adventures, and to receive a very decided scolding for having left the flower girl to her fate.

But days past on, and I went to my work, and I thought no more of the poor wanderer. My heart was full of thoughts about my own religious progress; and to that I must return in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XII.

### PROGRESS AND DEPARTURE.

I WENT to my work, and I talked to John Villars, and I heard more and more of the people of Helstead being absolutely determined not to have Mr. Temple's idea of church matters imposed upon them. And I also heard that the people of our own parish of Knightley were joining them in their opposition, and that organized disturbances were to take place, and letters to the Bishop were to be sent, till by intimidation or persuasion Mr. Temple's ministration should be put an end to. I also heard that the mob were encouraged by influential persons of all classes; that the infuriated language of gentry at their dinner tables was reported in the servants' hall, and dwelt upon with passionate irritation; and that such things were echoed in the houses of tradespeople, till feeling was so high that the poor, who loved Mr. Temple, dared not speak a word in his behalf.

And yet Mr. Temple only wanted to see men holy, and to convince them that the Church was a divine institution for preserving and recovering sanctity, and for fitting men to die in a prepared state for heaven. I said to myself, "the great enemy of the Church is sin." I was very much dispirited.

That very evening, as I was standing outside my house door, the man I have mentioned before, *Martin Smith*, passed by. He spoke to me.

"I came this way thinking that I might see you, Mr. Jordan. I wish you would attend a meeting at B—— next week."

"A meeting at B——!" I exclaimed, "Why? what should I go there for?"

"You should go because you are interested in *the million*," said Smith quietly.

I suppose that I was not in a very good temper; for I retorted quickly, "I wish that I could see *the million* interested in religion!"

"Ah," said Smith, not the least surprised out of his quietness, "that you'll never see in this country, master!"

"And why not?" I asked, feeling very vexed.

"Because you'll never see any religion strong enough to interest them."

"*Strong* enough," I repeated with scornful emphasis, for I well recollect my feelings that night. "Strong! why, Smith, it is because it is *too strong*; because it asks too much of the surrender of sin, that the true Church of England can't get a hearing in this land."

"The true Church of England," repeated Smith, pausing between the words, "the true—Church—of England—as taught by Dr. Mabyne? or as taught by Mr. Temple?"

"Mr. Temple," I answered shortly.

"Mr. Temple can tell what a Church is in words very well. I heard him preach a sermon once which might have come out of the mouth of a Roman Catholic priest."

"And the people will have nothing to do with him."

"And the people will conquer," said Smith, "Mr. Jordan, mind this. A strong religion—

strong enough to bind the million—must be a religion which shall command the *belief* of the millions, even if it does not command their *love*. Now *the wicked* can *believe* though they can't *love*; therefore, a religion strong enough to bind the million, must be holy enough to bind the good who love, and indisputable enough to bind the wicked who don't love, but yet can believe."

I pondered upon this for a minute, and then I thought that I saw the good sense of it. Smith continued, "Now when I lived in France, I saw a great deal of the Catholic faith, and then I made these observations. It is a religion that binds the million; all may not love and obey, but all *believe*. Why, I have seen a man picking pockets one minute, and the next I have seen him uncover his head to a priest, or kneel on the pavement as the blessed Sacrament was being carried by to the sick."

"Disgusting hypocrite!" I cried out.

"Hypocrite! Not at all," exclaimed Smith. "He did not love God, and so he did evil; but *he believed*, and so he showed outward respect to the passing of That Majesty, and bowed his head to the Church's servant. Hypocrite! Why you don't know what you say; he was no hypocrite; why the devils *believe*; you would think it a figure of speech to call them hypocrites, I suppose."

"I am sure that it is dreadful," I said.

"Yes," replied Smith, "all sin is dreadful; I'll grant you that. But for my part, having seen plenty of sin, and mixed with many bad men, and that for long together, I assure you that I have felt edified by this acknowledgment of religion in thieves and pickpockets. I have felt that it was a really *strong religion* that could so bind the million. Mr.

Temple's religion can only be believed by those who love; therefore he can only attach the few to him. The very people who want him most, because they are the outcasts and the evil of the earth, he cannot touch, because he has *no* hold upon them."

"But the Church of England being a true church sent from God, why should she not have this hold upon the million?" said I.

Smith looked up in my face, and said in a serious voice, "A true Church—true Church—sent from God." He paused. "Mr. Jordan," he then said, "what God sent was *a* church, not a dozen churches all true. A church—one. Now you talk of the Church of *England*; why should there be a Church of England? there is no Church of France."

"Because they have had no reformation," said I. Smith laughed. "She never cut herself away from the one tree of life, whose roots are struck deep into the rock of St. Peter," he said. "Depend upon this, Mr. Jordan, if ever the million in England believe in *a Church*, it will be in that one true church in which other millions believed. Ah, that reformation of yours was a cutting off a branch from the ancient tree; but 'tis a tree that never grew from cuttings, it only throws up off-sets from the parent root, and so all are nourished together. Your branch was always rootless, and now it is sapless, dry, and withered. Its ministers cry to striving souls, 'Here, come to this pleasant shade!' But the people look and they see that the branch has the form only of a tree, and that it has neither leaves nor blossom, nor fruit—and they laugh it to scorn."

"Why don't you confess yourself a Papist?" said I, as quietly as I could speak; for I felt the *vehemence* with which Smith had addressed me.



"Because I am not one," he answered. "Because when I might I would not. But I—even I—*believe*."

"Well," said I cheerfully, and trying to give a lighter turn to the conversation, "you are a strange sort of person, and I should like to hear something more of you by-and-by."

"You may, or you may not," answered Smith; "but for yourself, don't be deceived by any talk of *branches* or *churches*—there is but *one*. Ah, you may depend upon it that there is something mysterious in that unity. *One*, and she the spouse of Christ; there are not many spouses. Unity! I have often thought of it—'*and they all shall be one*'—there was no split or severance with anything connected with Him." Smith's words were murmured forth as the utterance of his own thoughts for the relief of his own mind; he did not seem to be thinking of me; on he went. "Of Him there was no bones broken; they brake not *His* bones; and His raiment was without seam—one—and they made no rent in it. One, one!"

"Smith, Smith!" I cried out, "don't live this life of unprofitable thought; be something. What can be in your mind?"

He gazed upon me with an expression of indescribable misery.

"May God give me life," he said; and he spoke with painful earnestness. "Life, health, strength! I may yet—I may yet succeed!" And, so saying, he walked away; and though I called after him he neither stopped nor turned his head. He would not come back; he was gone; and there I stood still by my garden gate, and wondered if Mr. Temple was right or wrong, and if there was any *heavenly commission* in the Church of England or not.

And this I would have my readers bear in mind, while they follow me in the coming narrative. My mind rested on the question of whether the Church of England held a divine commission. I never doubted the truth of any of the doctrines put forth by Mr. Temple. In fact, the doctrines he laid before me that night were the same as are taught by the Catholic Church; but the question on which my mind paused, was whether or not this Church of England had a divine commission. And now I come to the mention of my first sight of a person whose actions afterwards materially affected my fortunes.

It was August, and my loved daughter Emma was at home for her holidays. It was night, and we were all in the house, and almost preparing for bed. A bustle was heard outside the window—a merry voice crying, “where is the door!” and then a thundering rap. We heard Jane rush from the kitchen to answer it. I rose, and was going towards the parlour door, when it opened, and gave to view one of the handsomest and most manly forms and faces I ever saw.

“I really beg your pardon for breaking in upon you; but I have had half-a-dozen escapes of breaking my neck, I assure you; I hope that that will be an apology. Can you lend me somebody to guide me to Knightley? I ought to have been there an hour ago. We left our carriage at Newton, because we would not get post horses, and took a four-wheel carriage, the driver of which pretended to know his way—here Gerald, come forward.”

I expected to see the luckless driver at this call, but no—a gentleman about five years older than the youth before me appeared. He was a man of a

grave countenance, but of a most pleasing cast of face, and his manner, though quieter, was quite as pre-possessing as his companion's.

"In fact," said the new comer, "we left carriage, horse, and man at a farm above you on the hill, and hoped that by following the direction of some women who seemed to know the way, that we should soon find ourselves at Knightley."

"And found ourselves, instead, so nearly in your cataract—and so often too—that the wonder is that we are here at all."

I said that they should have a guide, and leaving them in the parlour, I sent Jane to a labourer's cottage close by, to desire him to give his assistance to the strangers. When I returned, the young man was talking very pleasantly to my wife and daughter, and the elder was in conversation with Mr. Benson.

"I am sorry to give you trouble," said the younger one to me. "I am quite afraid of venturing any more in these woods alone. I hope that Sir Boston is not easily alarmed; we ought to have been in time for dinner; he's my uncle."

"Then we have the honour of seeing Sir Henry Masters," I said.

"Yes," he replied; "and this is my friend Mr. Gerald Graham, an Oxford friend of mine. Did you know that Sir Boston expected me?"

"Yes," I answered. "Sir Boston ordered decorations for the drawing-room from the stove-plants, to-day. I am the gardener."

"Bless me, Mr. Jordan, I know you quite well," he answered, laughing—"Well," he went on, "I am almost as fond of flowers as my uncle. I hope the stove plants wont catch cold—I have obtained

them rather a long airing—Oh! here is our guide—thank you; come Gerald. Good night sir,” to Mr. Benson, “good night, Mrs. Jordan;” he bowed to my daughter, “good night—I am much obliged to you, and *we* shall meet to-morrow Mr. Jordan—” and so Sir Henry Masters left my house for his uncle’s. It was the first time he had ever visited Knightley Manor, and the reader will know as this story proceeds that it was the last visit also!

We all admired the young man extremely. He staid three weeks at Knightley and won golden opinions. It was known that Sir Boston intended to make him his heir—this invested him with an additional interest. But the three weeks passed, and he and Mr. Graham returned to Oxford, and truly they were seen no more! But of that hereafter.

Another event has to be recorded. I shall never think of it but with sorrow.

Our good friend and relative, Benson, was taken very ill. He had two paralytic strokes in the course of one week. His mind preserved a considerable share of its strength. There, no doubt, was an injury, but it was of so subtle a nature that we could scarcely detect it. I asked him if he would like to see a clergyman. He said, “Yes—Dr. Mabyn.” I therefore went to the parsonage, and the Doctor came that day. They had some conversation, and Benson was to receive the Sacrament.

Neither my wife or I had ever seen the Sacrament administered in a private house. But Benson had sufficient possession of his mind to give his own directions.

His last attack had come upon him when he was *in a small back room* with my wife—a room in

which she made bread, and did many household duties. The medical gentleman who had been immediately called in had objected to his being moved, and indeed there would have been great difficulty in moving him. There was a bed brought, therefore, to this lower room, and a carpet spread, and other comforts got about him, and there lay the loved old man, waiting, as we knew, for death.

The time came, and Dr. Mabyn arrived. A table was spread with a clean cloth; a kneeling stool and cushion placed—all by the bed-side. My wife was with her father, and Dr. Mabyn and I were in the adjoining parlour.

“I have brought wine Mr. Jordan,” he said, “people are not always prepared with that.” And so saying he took a bottle from his pocket, and also a leather case which contained a small chalice and paten.

I can ill describe to you what thoughts rushed across my mind as I beheld this, or what feelings seemed to overwhelm me. I felt myself unfit to touch those holy vessels as Dr. Mabyn, having taken them from their case, asked me to carry them into the next room. But with feelings of great reverence I did his bidding, and placed them in the sick room on the temporary altar, and then returned to the clergyman. I had whispered to my wife to bring the best white bread, and she now appeared with it, and then returned to her place by the bed-side.

All that Mr. Temple had said to me was coming fresh to my mind. My nerves thrilled as I thought of what was to occur immediately—close by. Of the great change—of who would come. *But all at once a recollection came over me*

and I felt almost overpowered with it. I had intended to confess my sins when I had talked to Mr. Temple. I had then intended that the next time when I should partake of that mystery, it should be for the strengthening of my soul after absolution. I knew that I repented of my sins—but with my new knowledge of what that was, and my new feelings as to what was necessary to those who received it, could I take it *now*? for I had thoughts of receiving with Benson. I was roused from these painful thoughts by Dr. Mabyn saying, “will any one besides yourself receive, Mr. Jordan? I hope so—your wife? I suppose that she will.”

“No sir, only me.”

“Indeed; I am sorry; I should think that with her own father—but I hope that Mrs. Jordan is not withheld from any scruple—anything that borders on the superstitious?”

“I don’t know, sir.”

“Perhaps your servant?” suggested Dr. Mabyn.

“Only myself, sir,” I repeated. And I added, “it’s a subject on which I am scrupulous of pressing people, sir.”

“Yes, certainly, you should be.” So Dr. Mabyn cut three small square pieces from the loaf, and said to me, “I am sorry about Mrs. Jordan, perhaps if I were to speak to her?” I made no movement to fetch her, for I did not desire that she should receive without previous consideration of the subject; and so Dr. Mabyn talked to me instead.

A sickening of heart returns upon me as I record that he—laying down, as he said, the orthodox belief—told me in every particular different from *what had been most earnestly—oh how earnestly—enforced by Mr. Temple.* In Dr. Mabyn’s hands,

not only its sacrificial but its sacramental character was lost—it was a mere commemoration. Nothing occurred, according to him, which made priestly ministrations necessary. I felt, as he spoke, that *if that was all*, I might do it myself.

My mind was in such a bewilderment that I could have shed tears. And again, back like a tide, came Mr. Temple's words upon this awful topic; and yet I was obliged, as it were, to follow Dr. Mabyn; and so into the room of the dying we went, and the service began, and ended; and all the time I neither knew right from wrong, only all the time my heart was offering up these words to God. "Lord, I know not what I do, but that which I ought to do teach me to do. I know not what this thing is, but that which it ought to be make it to me." And so came my thoughts, repeated, again and again, and unceasingly, till all was over, and my wife was taking away the table, and my daughter folding the cloth and rinsing the chalice in the wash-hand basin, and Dr. Mabyn was asking the invalid how he did.

I returned into our little parlour. I took up the tray on which the loaf of bread had been brought in, and carried it into the kitchen. There stood Jane; I put the tray into her hands and said—"Mr. Benson has received the Sacrament. Dr. Mabyn has done with this now." "*This*," she repeated, emphatically, looking first at the bread and then at me. "Yes," I replied. She turned away, and as she turned she said these words. "There's potatoes and butter-milk in that bread." I rushed out of the kitchen, and up stairs, and into my own room. I fell upon my knees; Mr. Temple's words *seemed to appear* as if written in the air before my

eyes. "It must be the purest household bread. What our Lord used was certainly the Jews unleavened bread, and such is still continued to be used in the Roman Church. I confess that I should like to return to the ancient usage. But the slightest variation from the pure plain household bread would unquestionably be wrong—I should say blasphemous!" I fell upon my knees and wept bitter tears of bewilderment and disappointment.

After this, Benson lingered for four days.—On the fourth day he was evidently dying; we had never left his side for several hours; I had got behind him in the bed to support him, for he could not bear to lie down. My wife had summoned up all her fortitude, and was reading prayers aloud at the bed-side. Whether he heard and followed them we were not sure, but we thought he did.

All at once the door opened quietly, and Emma's face appeared. She entered, and held the door as if for another person—and in a minute another person came. I had never seen him before; he was of gentle but commanding aspect—his countenance was grave, solemn, and dignified—his step soft, slow and measured. His benevolent looking eyes filled with tears as he fixed them on Benson, and he advanced to the foot of the bed.

"My friend," he said, and the tone of his voice was sweet and loving—"Benson, my friend!"

The old man left the support of my arms, and sat upright for a moment in his own strength. He held forward his hands as if in welcome; his just erected head was bowed in reverence—but it never rose again—it dropped upon his breast, and he was dead! He fell back into my arms, the smile of *welcome* was fixed upon his face, and his last words had been—"My Lord, the Bishop!"



## CHAPTER XIII.

### A CHANGE.

WE had to bury our dead out of our sight. I went to Dr. Mabyn's to fix on a place in the church-yard where our departed relative might lie. And now one of those startling occurrences met me, that seem to send back the stream of life to the heart. The servant came to the door. "I want to see Dr. Mabyn," I said. She turned aside her head and burst into tears—"He is dead!"

He had been found dead in his bed that morning. A week passed: and then Mr. Temple came from Helstead, and two open graves were to be seen in Knightley Church-yard, and first the body of the good, kind vicar was laid in its resting-place, and then the body of our friend. My wife, my children, and myself stood by one grave first, and then by the other; and many of those who were there did the same. Sir Boston Knightley was by my side throughout. "Two good men, Jordan," he said, and pressed my hand when all was over, "two good men—we must all come to the same—may the Lord have mercy on us!"

I felt grateful to him for speaking to me. My heart was too full to answer him.

I saw Mr. Temple for one moment only. "This has been a great shock, sir," I said.

"Let us be comforted," he said, "let us remember the words of scripture—'it is a holy and wholesome thing to pray for the dead.'"

I must pass over our own feelings at this time; Mrs. Yeoman behaved most kindly to my wife; our mourning was sincere, and she sympathised with us, and showed her sympathy in deeds as well as words—all that a good neighbour could do she did.

But time wore away, and the acute sense of our bereavement wore away with it. My child returned to her school, my wife to her duties as usual, and I to mine.

The question of who was to succeed Dr. Mabyn became one of painful interest in the parish. The question seemed to fill every head, and certainly all lips discussed it. It had been arranged that a certain Mr. Simeon, who was the clergyman of an adjacent parish, should do the Sunday duty for a few weeks; but who was to be the permanent possessor of the living, nobody knew. The living was in Sir Boston Knightley's gift.

The bishop's arrival among us had been occasioned by the representations made to him concerning Mr. Temple. His lordship had happened to pay a visit to a neighbouring noble family, and while there the final stroke had been made. A deputation from Helstead had waited upon him, and he had promised to see Mr. Temple, and make the things of which the people complained the subject of investigation.

The people had carried the expression of their exasperation to a very terrible height. There had been several serious disturbances in the church; Mr. Temple had been more than once mobbed in the street, so as even, some thought, to have had his life endangered; the painted window of his pretty room had been dashed to pieces, and several threatening *letters had been received by him.*

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It ended in his denuding the altar of every symbol of religion ; in his putting plain glass into his window ; in his changing his manner of doing the service ; in his giving up public service on the saints' days and their eves ; and in his submitting to the not suppressed expressions of delight which buzzed round a densely thronged church on the first Sunday of his humiliation. But there were those whose hearts bled with his, and to these the severest thing that the bishop had ruled was, that Mr. Temple should no more advocate the practice of confession.

And in the midst of the uproar of congratulation which reigned in Helstead and the neighbourhood, there rose the interesting question of who would be appointed to Knightley ?

Mr. Simeon, still doing Sunday duty there, drew large congregations. I, of course, attended there regularly. He still went on serving his own church and Knightley, week after week, month after month, till at last three months had passed away, and not a suspicion was abroad as to who would be Dr. Mabyn's permanent successor.

I must now give my own experience of Mr. Simeon's ministrations.

It was that of faith without works. According to him a certain number of persons were ordained to be saved, and all of that number were saved in spite of their works ; that such persons were possessed of an interior evidence of their being of the elect ; and that, therefore, to obtain this inward faith in their own safety was the thing to seek after.

I had learnt enough to know that it was a compound of nonsense and blasphemy.

Nevertheless, the church filled ; it was a doctrine that people evidently liked to hear ; the great leader of dissent, Mr. Medley, called Mr. Simeon, brother ; and it was generally said that the Gospel had come to Knightley. At the same time people broke the commandments as freely, indeed more freely, than ever. Among the foremost in acts of rakish extravagance were Mr. Simeon's own sons ; and this made some people very eloquent on the wonderful fact of highly evangelical fathers very often having highly disreputable sons ; but my wife and Mrs. Yeoman took the thing differently. In fact one of the young Simeons had said to my daughter and Miss Yeoman, one Sunday afternoon, when they were walking back from church with John Yeoman, that they were very pretty girls. And this having been said in an impudent way as he passed them, John had stepped back and knocked the young gentleman's hat over his face. So Mrs. Yeoman would not go to Knightley church any more. But every Sunday the tax-cart used to stop at my door, and, generally, both my wife and daughter used to accompany her to Helstead.

Mrs. Yeoman having been offended by Mr. Simeon, would now have nothing to do with Mr. Medley because he praised Mr. Simeon, and so these ladies went to "*hear Mr. Temple,*" as they called it ; and I was very glad to see that that good man's persevering preaching of Catholic truth began to have a good effect on their minds ; and, in consequence of this, my wife and I used to have long and earnest conversations, and I no longer suffered from the unhappy feeling, that the state of my religious sentiments was concealed from my *family*.

At last certain people in Knightley agreed that they would make an attempt to get Mr. Simeon fixed permanently amongst them; this was a great trouble to us; the parish was in a most turbulent state, but Mr. Simeon certainly had the good wishes of the majority.

As the reader knows, the presentation to the living of Knightley was Sir Boston's, and we, of the high church party, fixed our hopes upon his firmness. During all this time, though Sir Boston had been daily with me in the gardens, and had talked for hours upon a variety of topics, he had never said one word about his wishes or intentions in the bestowing of this living, though he must have known that the parish was in a state of considerable excitement on the subject, and though he often talked to me of such things as agitated the public mind. Under these circumstances I, of course, felt bound not to report to him any of the things that were said, and so parish matters were never mentioned between us.

But at last a moment came—and it came when Sir Boston and I were alone in the great conservatory. A deputation arrived to beg him to bestow the living on Mr. Simeon. In the many years I lived with Sir Boston I never saw him seriously angry but this once.

A number of sleek looking men, in their Sunday clothes, advanced, and one coming more forward than the others, presented a paper to the Baronet, on the conclusion of what I suppose would be called a neat speech.

The speech had, I imagine, enlightened Sir Boston as to the contents of the paper. Certainly his face exhibited a union of horror and displeasure,

and as to the paper he waved it away from him and refused to touch it.

"Do I understand you aright, sir?" he said, with a withering look, to the speech-maker. "I fancy that you have just acknowledged that you and your companions have intruded yourselves on my privacy in order to tell *me* how *you* wish the living of Knightley to be disposed of?"

The man, I could not help pitying him a little for there was something quite annihilating in Sir Boston's manner—the man began to qualify what had been put so pointedly to him, but the outraged Baronet would permit of no such pleading.

"Answer me plainly—directly—yes, or no, sir?"

"Yes, Sir Boston," stammered the man, "and we hope—"

But Sir Boston interrupted him. "I hope, sir," he began with solemn slowness, "I hope that you have never seen in me anything that might lead you to suppose that I am a man to submit tamely to have a liberty taken with me! Do you know, sir, that you have dared to think of interfering with my *hereditary rights*, with my *property*, sir? I will give the living of Knightley as I please—enough of this, sirs! go—go—I say *go*, sir." This last was said in a very loud voice and produced an immediate appearance of departure. So, turning on his heel, the incensed Baronet said in a lower tone, "Ah, yes, begone!" and was then by my side again in the conservatory. "Upon my word Jordan," said Sir Boston, when we were again alone, "these doings bother me a good deal. I am vexed about Temple; I love the fellow; he is very good. But as to this mob coming here to me to *dictate*—*faugh!* pooh! They'll ask to make my *will next!*"

And with this, all anger seemed to pass away ; but before a fortnight from that time, Mr. Selby, one of the bishop's nephews, was the Vicar of Helstead, and Mr. Temple was the Vicar of Knightley !

My wife and I rejoiced most heartily ; for, thanks to Mr. Simeon having driven her to Helstead church, our thoughts on church matters were now almost the same.

But these two gentlemen had anything but an agreeable reception in their parishes. Mr. Selby was believed to be as bad as Mr. Temple ; and to the admirers of Mr. Simeon in Knightley, Mr. Temple was little less than the embodiment of all evil. It would take too much time to relate the constant annoyances to which he was subjected. He bore all with meekness, and tried to disarm his enemies by works of love. I grew to have the most affectionate veneration for him.

"Well," said I, one evening, when Mr. Temple had admitted me to his study for a little comforting conversation, "I am very sorry that the bishop should have forbidden confession."

"Forbidden confession !" exclaimed Mr. Temple, "no bishop could do so. It is God's means for receiving back repentant souls. His lordship has forbidden me to enforce the doctrine of penance ; but any one may confess to me, and if they are penitent, my absolution will be ratified in heaven."

A thousand thoughts rushed into my mind ; thoughts connected chiefly with the conversations I had had with Smith, and of which Mr. Temple had never been informed. When I spoke, I was more answering these thoughts than answering Mr. Temple.

"And so," said I, "the bishop has forbidden you to recommend what God recommends—he has forbidden you to urge upon your parishioners a thing which it is for their eternal good to practise. He has forbidden you to offer to the people a treasure, which, nevertheless, the Church reckons among her possessions!"

"Well, Jordan, it is so, I must acknowledge. But you have rather a stiff way of putting things; you never seem to make allowances for our difficult circumstances."

"Make allowances—difficult circumstances—inexpediency of putting forth and enforcing truth; these are the ways in which our souls are hampered!" Thus I spoke, and still I was speaking to my own thoughts, and thus I went on, "Is this like the undeviating line of a true Church? *The* true Church, wherever it is, is of God; she can know no fear of man; she can never shut up *any* truth; she can never put aside *any* work which it belongs to her as a Church to do. Mr. Temple," I said, looking at him, "I don't understand this!"

"There is a great deal," he said, in his gentle, patient way, "there is a great deal belonging to our militant state on earth, which we shall never understand until we are far hence, and know all things."

"I confess, Mr. Temple," I replied, "that seeing what a degraded people possess the unseen parts of our towns and cities, and also how little is thought of religion and purity in our villages and hamlets; seeing all this, I feel my faith shaken in the idea of a Church; I do not think that the Church of England can be a *true* Church; that *Reformation* must have had something deadly in it.



You see that though a few like yourself, arguing on the idea of your being a branch of the true Church—though I am disliking that word branch more every day—though a few are trying to return to Catholic practises, the people *will not* have it; your exertions are fruitless, and seem only made to be conquered with ignominy. My faith is much shaken, Mr. Temple. I do not wish to do anything thought to be dangerous, or at least unnecessary, by the bishop. I do not think that public clamour ought to prevail over anything really good. Yet the bishops side with the popular clamour. Indeed, I am very much tried.” Here I rose to go. Mr. Temple gave his hand to me, and said, “Alas! Jordan! am not I also tried? Let us pray for each other.”

I went away with vexed thoughts about the varieties of teaching in what I still called *the Church* of England. I thought how the doctrine of Dr. Mabyn, Mr. Simeon, and Mr. Temple all differed; and of how *that* one who had most struggled to present to God a people zealous in good works, had been restrained and humbled, and mortified, and was actually prevented by his own bishop from following out his good works to perfection.

I well remember this time it was a few days before the 15th of August, the feast of the Assumption.

I came down early, for I had to go on business to Newton, which was nine miles off. I was going with the steward's gig and pony; they were just then bringing to the door. I was not going to stay to breakfast; it was rather before five in the morning. To my surprise I saw Jane in her walking dress, and an old woman who used to help in the washing was moving about the kitchen.

"Where are you going so early, Jane?" I said.

"To Newton, sir; it's a day I've got given me by Missis."

"You are coming home at night as usual, I suppose."

"Oh yes, sir; I shall be home by nine."

"I do not see why I should not drive you in the gig," I said.

It required few more words; the offer was accepted, and Jane got in.

We got safely to Newton, "I should like to be put out before we get to the inn, sir," said Jane. I therefore set her down in the suburbs, at a spot she pointed out.

I think that this must have occurred about half-past seven in the morning.

I had not gone on two yards without Jane before I recollected that I might have made an appointment to meet her, and drive her back at night; for my business was likely to occupy me the whole day. I looked back to see if she was near, but she was not there; it was worth making an effort to save her that nine-mile walk; so, seeing that I was close to an inn which advertised "good stabling" on its front, and that the master of the inn stood on his door step, I pulled up, gave the reins into his hand, and bade him begin to do what was necessary for the horse; and, saying that I should be back directly, I ran down the only street near, that branched from the main street in which I was, in pursuit of Jane. The street was long and narrow, but no Jane was to be seen. Not many people were moving about, and I stopped to consider what I should do. I stopped, by chance, close *to large double doors*, and through one of them

people were passing in, and I stepped back that I might not impede their entrance. Just as I did this, a very respectable looking elderly woman came up—she thought by my stepping back that I was doing her a civility, as if I had declined to go in before her. She dropped a little curtsey, and holding the door said, "Pray pass on, sir"—and I, why, I know not! I *did* pass in. The doors opened into a darkish covered-in court; it seemed to me an odd looking place; there was a door on the right which the elderly woman, passing me, opened and left open as for me to follow. I did follow, I saw the woman touch the holy water, sign the cross on her forehead, genuflect to the altar, and glide quietly to her place. What impelled me I know not—I now think of that moment with astonishment—but I did all that I saw her do! She had moved her lips when she signed her forehead with the holy water; I did not know what she had said; but I—and I do firmly believe that I had never said a heartier prayer—I said, "Lord God, lead my soul into *the right path.*" And so saying I too bowed to the altar; and where I saw two or three men kneeling, there I went softly, and knelt down by their side, and so for the first time in my life I was in a Catholic chapel.

I knelt a few minutes still saying—for I had a feeling that I had done a terrible thing in coming there—"Lord lead me into *the right path*;" and then I sat down and fell into meditation.

I need not give you my meditations; I need only say that I did not desire in any way to become a Catholic. I did not think that I ever should become one—I only desired to be taught where the *right thing* was.

As I write for Catholics I shall not describe the chapel; of course some things struck me, because I had never been into a Catholic chapel before. There were about seventy or eighty people there. I observed that no one looked up when I came in, and that every person was engaged either in reading or in saying prayers. But a little door at the side, every now and then opened, and forth came a man or woman, clasping a little prayer-book generally, with eyes cast down, and a look of remarkable recollectedness on the face; and each one of these on entering the chapel by this little door would go to the front of the altar, and kneel one moment at the rails, before going back to the seats. And each time a person entered the chapel from the little door, some one left the chapel by that same door, and staid a little while and then returned.

I watched these goings and comings with much curiosity. But at last, to my unspeakable astonishment, the door opened and forth came Jane—yes, our own little, valued, incomparable servant Jane! I felt transfixed. Had I had a Catholic for two years in my house? And I had never known it! I watched her with a stare of surprise, and a stare not unmingled with vexation. But Jane never saw me. She knelt as the others had knelt; when she rose, she crossed her breast; and she came with downcast eyes, and settled herself on the bench before me, and so exactly before me that I could, when kneeling, for the benches were narrow, and very close together, look over her shoulder and read her book. And there I read what Jane was also reading—"a prayer to be used after confession."

*I really felt like a man in a dream—or walking*

in his sleep—or seeing a vision. Often I hoped that Jane would not look round. I was so astonished to find myself where I was, that I had an involuntary dread of what might occur if the wonder of my presence was to break too unexpectedly on Jane. I thought that she might scream, or somehow betray her surprise so as to make a scene, and that it would come out that I was an interloper, and that I should become a towns-talk, and that it would be heard of at Knightley; and that then I should have to endure questions; and that people would say that I was going to be a Catholic, and that I should feel in bondage to public opinion, and be a free man no more, but live for the future like a criminal under a prolonged process of condemnation, passing his life in a perpetual pleading of innocence, and spending his strength in constantly repeated attempts at self-exculpation. Such thoughts as these pressed sorely on my mind. They confused and made a coward of me.

But still, like a creature fascinated I knelt behind Jane, and strained my eyes with fixing them upon the pages of her book, and reading with her as she turned them over. I was so close to her that I could follow the words as she whispered forth her prayers. And so I read and listened; and moved when Jane moved, that I might keep sufficiently behind her not to be seen; and almost checked my breath, lest by any sound I should betray to her quick intellects that “master” was behind her.

And I read Jane’s prayers after confession, and I followed her all through a recapitulation of good resolutions fit to be confirmed on the mind before receiving the Blessed Sacrament. I felt quite sure

of Jane's sincerity, for in a quick ardent sort of way, which I knew to belong to her when she was very much in earnest, she would pause on such resolutions as seemed peculiarly to suit her own circumstances, and with her head bent down, she would say them over and over again, rocking her body slightly backwards and forwards as she had a trick of doing when anything touched her feelings.

It is impossible to express the interest I felt in my occupation. The business for which I had come to Newton was for the time forgotten. I seemed to forget for the moment that there was any other place than that Catholic chapel, or any other persons in the world than Jane and I, or any other occupation for me but that of finding out the style of Jane's devotion by—not very honestly—looking over her shoulder without her knowledge. At last the priest came in, and Jane turned to a part in her book called "A Devout Manner of Hearing Mass." And I quite forgot the common objection to hearing Mass on account of its being said in Latin, because I was accompanying the priest by saying out of Jane's book the prayers suited to every step in its progress; and so, in my own language, making what the priest was doing mine.

Then the people went to communion. Jane went; and now, I thought, when she comes back she'll see me. So I held down my head, and yet kept a glance Jane's way, to be sure as to whether she recognized me or not. But Jane, as each of the others, when she rose from her knees, joined her hands, and without raising her eyes, returned to her place. She saw no one, and so I was still *safe*.

After mass, the priest preached a sermon. I have no doubt but that it was a very good sermon. But I am going to tell you, dear readers, that a very great change had now come upon my mind. It began with nourishing anger against Jane for having concealed her being a Catholic. I worked myself into a state of great secret displeasure. I also felt—alas ! that I should have to record it—I felt a strange sort of jealousy of her. Why should *she* be so devout, and so earnest, and so intent upon her religious performances ? Had not *I* been grieving, and trying, and speculating for two whole years ; and had I had, for a single hour in all that time, any such high devotional enjoyment as this poor, insignificant maid-of-all-work was even at that moment enjoying ? Why should she be rich and I poor ? Why should she be so evidently certain that she was right, when I was all doubts and misgivings ? Why should she be living in the riches of abundant grace, and I starving among many ways, and not knowing where the true pastures of the true shepherd lay ? Then I thought within myself that the Catholics were proud and obstinate, and full of evil confidence, and that mine was the modest, humble seeking way of the Christian, *and yet I did not believe this* ; I only pampered the rising wickedness of my heart by saying what *I wished* to believe. And then I recollected that I had seen their bowings to the altar, and had watched how they adored when the Host was uplifted, and I thought that I would go away and say to people that they were a proud sect, and that I had been to one of their chapels myself, and that with my own eyes I had seen their IDOLATRY ; and so, when the sermon was done, I rose and left the chapel.

The prayer, "Lord God, lead me in *the right path*," was no longer on my lips—was no longer in my heart; but still, I do yet believe, and I ever shall believe, that when I had before uttered it, it had come from a soul sincere.

Reader, I fancy that you pause upon that assertion; I fancy that you wish to know why I lay that unction to my soul.

It is a great pleasure for me to think so, and I think so for this reason. When I left the chapel, there, in that outer court, I slipped my foot and I fell. I fell, and a sensation of indescribable agony shot through my frame. I tried to move—I could not—the agony was repeated at the effort. A cold sweat broke out at every pore. Horrible noises, crashing sounds of torturing discord were in my ears. I made one more effort to know what had befallen me, but it was too much, and in another second I was insensible. I had got a compound fracture of the leg.



## CHAPTER XIV.

### DAWNING LIGHT.

I BELIEVE that I have before had occasion to say that I was made by nature a powerful man, and that with a strong constitution I possessed great activity of muscle. One thing also belonged to me, as I know that it has belonged to many other vigorous men, I had a remarkable susceptibility of bodily pain. Strong as I was, I had fainted from pain often in my life; and now, when undergoing on the least motion a very high degree of suffering, I had fainted so dead, as only to show signs of recovery—as I was afterwards told—on the pain arising from my being moved, and then only for a moment, for I fainted again and again, till I lay so long insensible as to alarm the kind persons who had been assisting me. All I know is this: after a time I recovered, and found myself supported on a bed, and by my side, holding salts to my nose, was an elderly, grey-headed gentleman, which gentleman was called Doctor Vine, by a young man who was standing on my other side.

I heard them speak to each other, before I could get back strength enough to speak to them. I opened and shut my eyes many times; I knew that the walls were white-washed, and that the bed-curtains were of a blue check. At last I knew other things also, and turned my eyes on Doctor Vine and said,

“Oh, doctor! This is bad. Ah, where am I?”

"Yes, my dear sir, it is bad, certainly; you must try to keep yourself quiet." He spoke so cheerfully that I could scarcely help smiling. "You can remain here without any inconvenience; indeed you could not be in a better place; the ladies wish you to stay, and—there, don't speak, I know what you would say, and I am going to tell you all about it. You were followed here by a female servant, and she is gone to Mrs. Jordan, to tell her what has happened, and the person who first found you—really you are lucky in friends, for he is a friend of yours, he says—he is gone with this servant of yours; indeed they have driven back your gig. A person in the street immediately recognised you as the gentleman who had put up at the 'Star;' and I think that this friend of yours will bring back Mrs. Jordan to-night. I told him not to arrive before five—he scarcely can arrive before; and we have something to do to this limb of yours before Mrs. Jordan comes, you know, my dear sir."

My thoughts were with this *friend*. "Who is he?" I asked. "The man—the man who is gone with Jane?"

"Ah, really I forget his name. Don't you know him? Sister Margaret," he turned to a part of the room behind him where my eyes could not follow. "Sister Margaret, do you know that Frenchman's name?"

"Yes," said a gentle voice; "Louis Sage. Mr. Jordan saved his life once, he says, when he was almost dead of cold."

A surgeon arrived, and my leg was set. Sister Margaret! To my surprise the person to whom belonged that loving style, was a lady of about fifty years of age, dressed in an odd, but not ugly,

black dress, with a black drapery over her head, and a string of beads hanging from a leathern girdle. She was attended by another just like herself. They held bandages and brought water ; and now that I was safe in bed again, they re-appeared, and put away all the evidence of what had been doing, and talked pleasantly to the doctor ; and then they brought me tea, which was grateful to my parched lips, and there got to be such an air of peace and tranquillity above me, that I did as I was besought to try to do—I slept.

At first I slept not soundly ; I started often, and even cried aloud ; I dreamt of my wife ; I fancied that I heard her weeping : and then came Mr. Temple to my mind's eye, and he reproved me for going to the Catholic chapel ; and I awoke, and called him by name, and finding myself in a strange place, was overwhelmed with a dread sensation of mingled wonder and fear ; and then the perspiration stood upon my brow, and I felt that I could not move, and I cried aloud " help, help ! " and the crying woke me quite, and my recollection returned, and sister Margaret, by my bed-side, held a glass goblet, with a pale-coloured, sweet-smelling liquid in it, and bid me drink. I quaffed it off without asking a single question, and soon slept again—and this time a long sound sleep. I know not how many hours I passed in this state of happy insensibility ; but when I next awoke, by my bed-side sat my dear wife, and at a table near was Louis Sage. My wife, like a brave woman, made light of everything except my pain and affliction. She cheered me with an account of how the two little girls were to stay with Mrs. Yeoman, and how, by a happy accident, Mr. Yeoman was at our house when Jane and

Louis arrived. And it had been arranged that Mr. Yeoman should come to us the next day.

I was very glad to see Louis Sage. I upbraided him, however, for not having visited us; and told him how long, and at last how hopelessly, we had thought of him. He seemed not to like to answer me on this matter. He renewed his expressions of thankfulness for having had his life saved through our means; but when I pressed him to say why we had never seen him since, he put the subject off by saying, "not from ingratitude; one day when you can bear to hear a short yet an interesting story I will tell you, but we wont speak of that now; I fear that we cannot, either of us, bear much excitement at present, for I too have been ill," he said sadly. Of course after this I could not press him any more, and the next day Louis came to bid me "good by'e," saying that he hoped to return in about a week, when I should see him again.

My leg went on well; my nurses were all excellence; my friends came to see me; Mrs. Yeoman bringing with her my dear little girls; Mr. Temple; my strange friend Smith; Sir Boston Knightley; Sir Boston's butler, and coachman; the steward; the men who worked under me in the garden; and Jane—my friend and servant Jane, who walked all the nine miles and back again the second day to ask me how I was. In fact during the first week I had full as many visitors as was good for me. Dr. Vine looked a little grave, and said, "no dissipation, sir!" However, I went on well; there was not a single drawback, and I began to think of getting home.

But the time of moving was settled for me. Sir Boston came to see me every two or three days.

He had conferences with the doctors. And I was kept day after day at Newton, till I had been in those rooms called the out-quarters of the convent, for two months. Altogether, the months did not pass slowly; I was visited daily by Mr. James, the Catholic priest. I saw the good kind nuns sometimes, and talked to them—of what, dear reader? of their religion! Two lay-sisters were often with my wife and me, and my wife could not talk of anything but the Catholic faith, and of such works as belonged to it.

But I must go back a few days, and speak of Jane's visit to me the day after my accident. "And so," said my wife, as we three were alone in the room, "you were looking after Louis when this accident befel you?"

"No; I knew nothing of Louis," I replied. Then I turned to Jane and said, "A pretty story I shall have to tell when I am recovered, Mistress Jane!" "Of what, master?" "Of how Catholics put orange-peel on their pavement, that unwary Protestants may break their legs and so get shut up in popish convents for days and weeks"—"Ha! ha!" laughed Jane, interrupting me, "well, but master," she said, "you may think it would pass for a joke, but if you were only to speak the words, thousands would believe them; oh, there's worse nonsense than that believed of Catholics!"

My wife looked up in astonishment. "You did not know that Jane was a Catholic?" said I to her. Jane coloured scarlet. "Well, Jane," I went on, "don't deny it, for I sat behind you at Mass do you know?" Poor Jane! She covered her face with her hand, and burst out crying. She recovered herself quickly and answered, "God forbid that

I should deny my faith when asked about it. It has been hard, very hard, all this time to keep it secret; but my bread depended upon it; for you know, dear master and missis, that it did; and I can tell you more, my mother's bread depended upon it; for out of my nine pounds a year I gave her half-a-crown a week, and that kept her from being sent to her parish, which is twenty miles from any priest; and if once in that union house, she would have died without the sacraments, and lived without any religious privileges, and how could I bear that, and she turned seventy-five years of age, and not able to stand up for herself? And now see what a difference; you never asked me any question I couldn't answer; and I took your place, and though I say it, I served you well, and so I ought, for see how kind you've been to me! I haven't bought one single outer garment since I came to you. To be sure there were some things I was loath to do. I had to come to your family prayers, but God is my witness, I prayed my own prayers all the time; and when you read your chapter with your comments, I heard no more than a sound, for I held my rosary under my apron, and said it all the time. And there was the going to Knightley church; missis knows she never pressed me much about that, and 'twas seldom I went; the saints know that I never went oftener than was necessary to keep my place, and I never joined in prayer or listened to discourse. I said my own prayers, and I consider that I was as a slave in bondage, and forced of necessity to do as I did. And was I not, dear missis? speak for me to the master! If you had known that I was a Catholic you would never have taken me, or you would *never have kept me?*"

Jane's words had rushed forth, and now she looked to my wife for an answer with a face of tearful earnestness.

"Indeed, Jane," said my wife gravely, "I never should have taken you. And certainly," she added, with consideration, "certainly, I should never have kept you ; I should have been alarmed for the little girls. I should have discharged you."

"Thank you, my dear missis," exclaimed Jane, wringing my wife's hand in gratitude for her candour. "Thank you for saying those true words. And if I had lost my place, my dear old mother would have been taken off to her parish, and she would have heard no Mass, and seen no priest ever more through life. And so I kept my place and kept her, or almost kept her, for out of the charity-money given to this convent my poor mother had gifts which did the rest for her. Oh, my dear master and missis," continued Jane, "you don't know the trouble I've had—you can scarcely imagine how I suffered before I came to your house—I, who had been brought up in a decent way—I—why master !" she said, grasping my arm in her earnestness, "*I've begged.*"

"Now when I came to you," Jane went on, "I borrowed two pounds, and I paid heavy interest for that ; and with all my strivings I could pay off but one ; and yet I did no wrong in borrowing it, for I could not have kept my place without decent clothes, and that two pounds went in clothes, for the things I stood up in when I offered myself to you were not my own but all hired ; believe me, I had only rags that I could call my own at that time."

Here Jane shed tears, and my dear wife joined

her. I felt so interested that I said, "Well, dear Jane, the place is yours to keep as long as you please; go on fearlessly; did you pay the other pound? And how about your mother?"

"My mother is gone home," said Jane. "She died—and died blessing me, as these good nuns told me; and she made a good end—a holy end; here in the hospital, with God's priest by her side, having received the Sacraments. Her last look was on the crucifix, and her last word was *JESUS*."

"When did she die?" I asked of the weeping Jane.

"The same day that missis' father died," she answered. "The black clothes you gave me for him did for her; and—thank God—I paid more than half her funeral expenses myself, and the nuns here paid the rest, for you know its one of the works of mercy to *bury the dead*." Jane shed a few more tears and then went on. "And as to the other pound, master—oh, that was paid in a wonderful way! Do you recollect those gentlemen coming to the house one night—Sir Boston's nephew—he that lost his way about the cataract? Well, as I showed them out of the garden, John Davies you'll mind was waiting for them by the cedars with a lantern—that young fine-looking gentleman said to me, 'Did *you* run out to fetch our guide for us?' 'Yes, your honour,' said I. Well, sir, with that he put a crown-piece into my hand. I was so overcome—for money was so much to me—I had not got three pounds a year for myself after paying mother—that I cried out, 'Holy mother!' 'Bless me—she is a Catholic!' cried out the other gentleman. 'Are you a Roman Catholic,



young woman?' asked he that had given me the crown. 'Yes, your honour,' said I, and I was in a tremble all over. 'Yes; I won't tell a lie about my religion. But if,' said I, 'you tell that here I shall lose my place, and God forbid that the troubles of a destitute woman should ever be upon me again.' 'Again!' repeated one of the gentlemen, 'have you known such trouble, my poor girl?' 'Your honour knows my secret,' said I, 'and it's not a secret you may suppose for nothing.' 'Take this, and good night,' said the same gentleman; and I thought he put a shilling into my hand. Well, when I got to the kitchen it was a sovereign. I could not believe that he had meant to give me this, so I ran after them as fast as I could go—I ran, and when I heard them before me, and saw John's light, I cried out for them to stop, for that they had left something behind them. The gentleman who had given me the money came running back. 'Did not your honour give me a shilling?' I said. 'No, my good girl; I hope that I gave you *twenty* shillings,' and he spoke so merrily. Well, I dropped down upon my knees, and away he went quickly. And so I was out of debt! And now, my dear missis," said Jane, turning to my wife, "if you don't like to keep me, turn me off. I shall ever remember your kindness—now you know all, and if you like to turn me off, do it; there'll be no blame to you if you do!"

My wife did not answer directly, but after a moment she said, "No, Jane, I don't wish to part with you: we will make but one change—you must in future come here when you like, and attend to your religion as much as you are able to do, and—and"—she smiled on Jane, "you need not go to Knightley church any more!"

## CHAPTER XV.

### I TRUST MY SOUL TO THE CARE OF THE SUCCESSOR OF ST. PETER.

MY good readers must be anxious to know how and when I became a Catholic. The time for telling this has now come.

The priest attached to this convent, and with whom I often talked, had set me to think on the following words, as applied to Peter the Apostle, and to *him alone*. Mr. James, that was the priest's name, had found me fully instructed concerning the apostolical succession, and the offices of bishops and priests; but he started *the new idea* of there being a *headship*, of Peter being the head of the apostles, and of there being a succession of that headship in the Papal power. "Our blessed Lord," he said, "gave power to Peter such as he gave to *no other*; and in the Pope we see the successor of Peter. Our blessed Lord left a Peter at the head of his Church—a true Church must still have a Peter at its head. And these are the words which were said to Peter only: 'I say unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it; and I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven.'"

It was further proved from history, that a headship had been always believed to reside in Peter, and that this headship was continued in the Popes who were his successors. That he had the power

of directing the Church according to what our Lord had said to him; and again only to him, "*Feed my lambs, feed my sheep : confirm thy brethren.*" And so, when Satan desired to destroy the Church, what he asked for was Peter—"Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have *you.*"

"Always," said Mr. James, "has the true Catholic Church granted this superiority to the see of St. Peter, that is, to the Pope of Rome. There lies our anchor; there is our centre of unity; there is the rock against which the gates shall not prevail; therefore, we look to the Pope, we can't do without the Pope; the see of St. Peter is to the constitution of the church like the heart in our body to us. There we turn for instruction, for guidance; thence we have authority. Now, mark this," he said; "our power to act properly comes from Rome; our license to do the things which our priesthood empowers us to do, comes from Rome. Bishops and priests—the bishops and priests of the true Church—everywhere throughout the world derive their powers from Rome. St. Peter still rules, and so maintains our unity. Rome is like the heart of the world, and we are as the veins and arteries sent forth from that heart to keep up life."

"But the Church of England," I began.

"The Church of England at the Reformation cut herself off from that great heart and centre of life. She would no longer be ruled by Peter; she is a dead form; she is no church; she is an imposition!"

Again and again I talked of this to Mr. James. He would not hear of independent churches. The Pope had always been the centre of unity; Peter had always been above the apostles. Jesus had given the headship to him—history had proved

that it was so ; *the very saints loved and praised by Mr. Temple, had been jealous for the honour of the See of Peter.* That struck me very much. I asked about them by name ; I cannot say that I knew much about the histories or the writings of these holy persons, but I had become familiar with their names in consequence of hearing Mr. Temple quote them as authority on church matters, by which he desired to abide, so I ran over such names as I could recollect.

“ Did St. Cyprian believe this superiority to be in St. Peter and his successors, and that God had ordained, for the preservation of his church, a rock to build upon ? ”

“ Yes, he did ! ”

“ Did St. Augustine believe it ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ St. Bonaventure ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ St. Basil ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ St. Jerome ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ In fact,” said Mr. James, “ the Holy See, as we call it, has ever claimed it, and the Church has ever granted it. And you, Mr. Jordan, will never be a member of Christ’s church till you belong to the see of St. Peter yourself.”

I asked Mr. James if he would write down some of the words of the holy persons I had mentioned, that I might show them to Mr. Temple. He did so, and I took the memorandum.

In my heart I was converted ; and I made a promise to my soul that I would become a member of the Roman Catholic Church, whose earthly head

is the successor of St. Peter, and be fed as one of those sheep *given to his care by my Saviour himself*. But I never said this to any one. I used to be wheeled to the end of a passage every morning, and when there, a shutter used to be taken down, and through that aperture, I used, every morning, to see Mr. James say Mass ; I say *see* because I was not so near as to hear him ; but I had got, by the help of one of the lay-sisters, to understand how to follow the priest with the prayers in the *Garden of the Soul*, and every change of place I marked, and soon knew as well what part of the Mass he was at by looking at him as by hearing him. My wife often used to be there with me ; she had learned also to follow the priest from having been by when my instructions were going on ; and sometimes Jane would be there also ; for Jane, about three times a week, came to see us, and she used to come early enough to kneel by my side in the passage, and so attend the morning Mass.

Jane used to come to us always twice a week on business, by which I mean that she used to bring us butter from our dairy, and from Sir Boston Knightley, fruits and flowers in such quantities as to oblige her to hire a boy to help her on her way ; and she used to come a third time if she liked it, and had leisure. She certainly liked it, and she generally came.

I now felt a great anxiety to return to Knightley. With the greatest kindness Sir Boston had been so far positive about my remaining where I was. He had consulted with the doctors, and they, remembering what I had said to them about my being a working man whose bread depended on his powers of limb, had assured Sir Boston, that it was safest

for me to stay where I had little inducement to exert my injured leg injudiciously, and where I could take the air daily, in a hired carriage. So thus, the victim of kindness, I staid on and on at the convent, till there really was no excuse for my remaining any longer, and so the day for my return was fixed.

Sir Boston had come to see me at least once a week, and now he was paying his last visit to me.

"Well, Jordan," he said, "I shall be glad to get you back again. I have been too much harassed lately to attend much to things in the garden myself. I was afraid of letting the men see that I had been flustered. But I sha'n't mind you, Jordan. You and I understand each other. It will be a relief to talk to you. And now that you are really coming back in a day or two, I think I will begin the story. You ought to hear it first from me, people tell such falsehoods; ah, Jordan, there have been bad doings at Helstead, and at Knightley too, I must acknowledge."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed; I felt more interested than even Sir Boston imagined.

"Ah, yes, indeed!" he answered. "You see, Jordan, Selby is an excellent fellow, and he has judgment—between ourselves, I think more judgment than Temple, and in my opinion he has been very judicious in his conduct at Helstead; so much so, that he has won over the principal inhabitants of the town to his own ideas, and they are just such ideas as Temple holds, only Selby knew how to take people in the right way. In fact, Selby has been a great benefit to Helstead. He persuaded Lord Long to deal with the Helstead shops, *instead of* getting everything from London,

as he used to do. I know that Sweeting, the grocer, has been selling from a London house, and is in the way to make his fortune; Selby has excellent ideas of its being the duty of the different classes to hold by each other. Well, there has been quite a popular feeling for him in Helstead; and schools, and singing classes, and all sorts of pleasant things have been going on flourishingly; they even say that the poor-rate has lessened; however, the church has filled, and the anti-puseyite cry has been hushed ever since Temple left."

"I have the highest respect and regard for Mr. Temple, Sir Boston," said I, "And I never thought him to blame at Helstead."

"Nor I, nor I," rejoined Sir Boston. "No; Temple is an excellent fellow, but he did not conciliate the mob."

"And would you conciliate the mob?"

"Hang'em!" interrupted Sir Boston. But then he laughed, and said he was no judge—and he would go on with the story.

"Temple, as you know, has never been popular at Knightley. Well, believe me, the church congregation got thinner and thinner, and at last he said something that gave them offence—the low puritan party I mean—and they wrote some letters in the newspaper about him; Temple took no notice. Then they memorialized the bishop, and got in return a very civil answer of general statements, and something at the end very like a caution to them to mind their own business. Then they took the law into their own hands; and Temple read the prayers and preached his sermon to no souls but myself, and some of my servants, and those two old women, the Brights, who wash at the house, and

work in the garden. This happened the Sunday before last, and last Sunday it was exactly the same. So on Monday morning I had up every labourer on the farm, and had this dialogue with each one: Have you been in the habit of going to Church? If he said 'No, I am a Dissenter,' I let him go. If he said that he had been in the habit of going to Church, then I said that if he did not continue to go there I'd turn him off, and that though I would not turn off a man whom I had taken as a Dissenter, that I would never again take any but churchmen. Now, said I, I know your reasons for not going to Knightley Church. You pretend to be competent to judge Mr. Temple, and you venture to think that you disapprove his doctrine. But I'll tell you what it is, the bishop has admitted him to holy orders, and I have given him Knightley Church. I knew," said Sir Boston with a sad smile, "that they neither cared for holy orders or the bishop, but I was determined that they should care for *me*, so I repeated what I had said—"If you conduct yourselves in an offensive manner in judging Mr. Temple, who is not in a situation to be judged at all by you, I shall take such conduct as directed against *myself*, and I will discharge every man who offends in that way. And now, remember, that you are all in your places next Sunday.' And so I dismissed them. But I assure you, Jordan, that this has cut me up a great deal."

I was excessively sorry to hear all this, and I was excessively puzzled to know what to say. In my own mind I was convinced that the people of England would never be bound to reverence anything until by God's grace they should accept the true faith. They were blown about by every wind of



doctrine, and the Church of England clergymen had no power to guide them to good. No dispute about doctrine could ever be ended, because there was no place to appeal to—they wanted the see of St. Peter. At the Reformation they had launched their frail bark with no authority save that of the crown; it had become the creature of the crown ministers. In their hands it had become a mere political club. It was a machine held together only by the endowments which it robbed from the true church, whose place in the country it had pretended to take. And invariably, when some clergyman having persuaded himself that this poor, wretched, helpless institution is a *branch*—as he calls it—of the true church, tries to act like a real Catholic priest, he is hooted down, and made to feel that the populace scorn a power in which not one of them believes.

Thinking these thoughts I made but little answer to Sir Boston. Indeed I almost fancied, from the sorrowful way in which he appeared absorbed in thought, that he had not told me all, and that *something* had touched him more severely than he liked to say—a something of which he would not speak. And this I afterwards found to be the case.

We parted without any more being said upon that subject; but before he went he put into my hands a ten pound note. "Give that to those good people before you go, Jordan," he said. "It will repay them for what they have done for you. You shall pay the doctor's bill yourself; but *I* shall pay them."

"No, no, Sir Boston!" I exclaimed, springing from my seat and pushing back his hand. "No, sir; *I* must pay *all* myself. Much less than that will

do ; I have made the necessary enquiries ; I have asked Mr. James. If I had been in poverty I should have been taken in for nothing ; I have supplied myself with most things ; I shall give five pounds only, Sir Boston ; it is enough ; I shall pay it myself." The recollection that I was going to be a Catholic made me speak very quickly and positively. Sir Boston looked astonished. "Man!" he said in an odd quiet way that belonged to him. "Have you lived with me so many years—near a dozen, I think, Jordan—and may I not offer you a present in a time of trouble. What foolish pride is this?"

"No, sir ; no my dear master." I loved him so, that the tears were in my eyes. "It is not pride, but *I can't take that money. I can't ; don't offer it.*" I was so thankful for the door opening at that moment : in walked Mr. James.

"Here, sir," said Sir Boston, "I have been asking this man, who pretends to be my servant, to do a certain thing for me, and he wont!"

"Oh, surely not," said Mr. James, laughing.

"No, no, sir ; it is not so, indeed," I said, half laughing and half crying, I believe ; for I felt at that moment how sorry Sir Boston would feel when I became a Catholic, and the bitterness of being a sorrow to one's best friends was upon me. I never felt in such a state of confusion before.

But Sir Boston persisted in giving the ten pounds to the convent. It was his own present he said. He gave it of his own free will for motives of his own. He held the office of Sisters of Mercy in great respect. So, at last, Sir Boston's money was taken ; and on going out of the room, he said, "Well, Jordan, be sure you pay your bill here honestly. Five pounds did you say? Well, but

remember this," looking at Mr. James, "if the Mother Superior takes it, I shall call you all very shabby fellows." Then bursting into a succession of good-tempered fits of laughing, and telling me that he was my master notwithstanding my positive language, for that he had put the nuns upon honour, and that they *couldn't* take my money *now*, he went away. That dear, good, kind friend and master whom I had loved so long.

After his departure I was left alone for a little while. A nervous feeling of sorrow came over me. I thought of the difficulties that might attend my change of religion. I was still, and subdued, and I could not take a cheerful view of the future. I was lost in thoughts of sadness. I did not hear the room-door open, but I was roused by a voice behind me—"then I am in time to see you before you go!" Surely it was the voice of the flower-girl I had met by night upon the road! I turned round, startled and wonder-struck. I did not doubt but that it was her voice; but no. There stood Louis Sage! "How strange!" I exclaimed. "Have I startled you?" "No, yes, only a little," said I, stammering.

He took no further notice, and sitting down we began to talk.

"I have had a weary journey," said Louis, "I was afraid that I should miss seeing you here." And so saying, he unfastened the broad leather band which supported his pedler's burthen, and laid the shining mahogany box, bound with brass, upon the floor by his side; and rubbing back his glossy black curls from his forehead, he leant back in his chair and looked at me with a very weary look.

"*I did not know that your mode of life was so fatiguing a one,*" said I.

"'Tisn't that box and its contents that tire me," was Louis' answer. "'Tis the mind—the mind. Ah!" he cried, and laid his hand upon his heart, "I have the weight of—perhaps—yet, oh, God forbid—a lost soul here!"

"My dear Louis!" I exclaimed, clasping his hand; I was inexpressibly shocked.

"No, no, dear friend," he said with a faint smile, "I am not talking of myself. Since you saved me that dreadful night I have looked after *my own* soul. But I speak of a child, yet not *my* child, only one loved as my own, and left to my care by an elder brother, a much elder brother, who was as a good father to me, and dying, gave me his all—Annette!"

The soft melancholy in his tones again brought back the voice of the flower-girl to my recollection. My heart throbbed, "Go on," I said earnestly, "go on, Louis, tell me all!"

"Ah, you sympathize—you pity me—you can feel, my friend," he said, that faint smile coming back again; I thought that I could see the girl's expression in his face. All I could say was, "Go on!"

"She was betrayed by an Englishman," he said; then correcting himself he added, "yet not betrayed—not injured before God—he married her." He took a pocket-book from his breast, and unfolded a piece of parchment from it. "There is the proof," he said.

"What harm was there then?" I asked.

"He told her—she was a young, guileless girl—he told her that that marriage was not legal in his country, and that he should desert her and go home, *and that to follow him was useless.* She believed

him, and he *did* leave her. Well, after he was gone she found that she could not live without him. He was as the light of her eyes. She judged from the strength of her love that if she could find him, she should succeed in drawing him back to her again. She would follow him to this country ; I dissuaded her, but one morning she was gone ; I traced her to London, and there lost her. She was penniless, young, innocent, beautiful, inexperienced ; Holy Mother, *can* she be in thy keeping *now* ? Oh, Jordan, I feel—I feel here,” and he pressed his hand on his heaving breast, “I feel here that unless I can find her that her soul will be lost.”

“Have you never heard anything of her since?” I asked.

“I took the work of selling for a Jew’s house in London. I had a little money, and by leaving a deposit they trusted me ; and so I lead a wandering life after Annette, and yet contrive to earn my daily bread. I fancy that I have heard of her. I go to all sorts of lodging houses, into all manner of company. I go to all the Catholic chapels I can reach at our obligation times, and I think that I have heard of her and lately, in this very country ; but as yet, all my weary journeyings have been useless ; I have never seen her.”

“But *I* have?” I exclaimed. Louis jumped to his feet. “Stay, stop!” I cried. He threw himself into my arms. “There, sit down ; I have been imprudent. Is she a flower maker?”

Never can I forget Louis. He jumped again to his feet ; but this time his eyes were raised to heaven with such a strained entreating gaze ; and as he answered “Yes,” in a loud voice, he stretched forth his clasped hands, and went on in a low tone,

"Great God, I thank thee! Holy Mother—Mother most pure—Mother most merciful;" and so on with such like expressions, which then I had heard only a few times before. I knew that he wished me to speak though he was speaking himself; so I went on.

I recounted every circumstance to him; gradually, as I proceeded, he dropped his hands upon his breast, and fixed his dark eyes upon me with a gaze of such expression, as a despairing man whose love of life is in proportion to his dread of judgment and eternity—as such a man might be supposed to look on the reversal of his doom; so Louis Sage looked at me, and drank in my history. And when I said that I did not believe that she had lost her morals, and that I judged from the horror she had expressed at the thought of such a lodging-house as I had seen, then he exclaimed, "Ah, Jordan, the blessings of a breaking heart be on you for that word; because," often have I pondered upon the words that then followed, "because, with us Catholics, while we preserve morals we keep faith; those who leave the faith have, as a general rule, left their morals first. But ah," he said, she must have been in sore straits—my child, my dear child—Annette, my beloved Annette! What did she say thinking of that place? *Not yet—not yet!* Ah Holy Mother! and *still*, and *still* may she be saying *not yet!* no, surely never, Annette, my beloved Annette, we are near each other, we cannot be far apart; surely we shall meet soon; God guide your wandering steps, my child, to the breast that has never ceased to yearn for you!

"Alas! Louis," I said, "how terribly you make me reproach myself; why did I not bring her back

with me that night ; thank God I tried to find her again ; but you make me tremble, Louis, you are so full of hope ; it must have been near three months since I saw your niece ; if, indeed, I did see Annette.

"I have wandered after her for three years," he said. He smiled upon me, and when he looked up I saw that his strong suffering had wrung tears from his eyes. He smiled and said, "describe her Jordan." "She is rather tall ; sunburnt." "She used to be fair, wonderfully fair ; her mother was a German." "She had chestnut hair, pulled straight back from her forehead ; it would have curled if it had been let to go loose ; I remarked how wavy it was. And she had large, soft, very soft, dark eyes, and a small mouth, and beautiful teeth, long-shaped and pearly." "Yes, yes, that is Annette," replied Louis more quietly than he had spoken before. "Something must be done immediately—this very night. I am going to Helstead, Jordan."

And Louis went away, but not without promising that I should see or hear from him soon. My wife and I talked of it ; and in our prayers remembered Louis and his niece. In the next week's newspaper I saw the following, first in French and then in English. "If ANNETTE, who met a respectable gentleman leading a pony on the road from Helstead to — on the 3rd of June in this year, between 10 and 11 at night, will direct a letter saying where she may be found to LOUIS SAGE or to ALBERT GRAINGER, post-office, Newton, she will hear of something to her advantage."

"And who can Albert Grainger be ?" said my wife.

"Her husband, I fancy," said I ; perhaps Louis

has mentioned his name to induce her to decide on writing, should her reduced state make her shrink from her own relations." And my supposition was true.

And here I may say that though this advertisement appeared more than once, that it was not answered ; and yet I felt that Annette was probably not far off ; for Louis had traced her to the neighbourhood of Newton, or thought that he had traced her ; and I was inclined to depend upon him, because he really had traced her that night to Helstead, though, as he had sought her only in the town, he had not found her.



## CHAPTER XVI.

### JOY AFTER SORROW.

As you may suppose, I went to Mr. Temple at Knightley as soon as I possibly could. I was admitted, and treated as usual with the utmost kindness.

"I am glad to see you are so well, Jordan."

"Thank you, Mr. Temple. I am pretty nearly right again. Are you at leisure, sir, just now?"

"Oh yes, Jordan," he said so cheerfully, "stay as long as you like. What have you got to talk about?"

"About the things stated on this paper, sir." And I handed Mr. James' memorandum to him. He read it. I saw his countenance change, and he suppressed a sigh as he folded it up again. "You talked a good deal about religious things I suppose?" he said.

"You know, sir, that the subject interests me. And conversation *did* arise; nay more, I sought it." Then I told him about Jane being a Catholic, and how I had learned to follow at Mass.

"Well," he said, after listening with evident interest to all I said; "the contents of this paper are not new to me."

"You never told me of such a belief on the part of the fathers, sir," said I.

"No, I did not; I thought it might confuse you. And I do not hold the doctrine as Roman Catholics hold it."

"To me it does not bear two interpretations;"

said I. "Then you must believe in the infallibility of the Catholic Church."

"Well, sir," said I, "God has always had some way of speaking to people. Of course a Church which is a divine institution must speak God's will. If God gave the Church, and preserves the Church, of course it is for His own ends. There *must* then be an infallibility in it. It would cease to do its master's work if it did not teach right; and being a divine thing it *must* teach right. You know, sir, that I am no scholar in these things: I try to tell you what I feel by my common sense. If I believe you when you tell me that the Church is of God, then I know that it *must* always teach what is right. Of course I can see that there may arise mistaken men in her, and even bad men; but then, still, the *teaching of the Church* must be right, and in her sacred power she will put away those persons who may be introducing what is wrong. I am sure, sir, that such *must* be the case." Mr. Temple got up and walked up and down the room. "You don't see the Church of England use that power," he said, "because"—he hesitated, "because, Mr. Temple," said I, "because, my dear sir, my good friend, dear Mr. Temple, I must say it—because she is the creature of the State. And is no Church at all. I cannot pretend to belong to her any longer!"

"Nay, nay, Jordan," he said with a trembling voice and taking my hands affectionately in his own, "you are excited; you are not sufficiently instructed in her merits." "I am instructed in her *demerits*, sir. She is a mere sham. She can't provide even that the people shall be taught one doctrine. In this very church I have heard three different doctrines preached in six months by clergy-

men, all approved of by the bishop. She does not know what doctrines are right and what are wrong. Her bishops are not of one mind. Her archbishops hold doctrines called heretical by many clergymen, and taught by *you* to be heresy. Does this look like a divine institution? Can you believe that God is with such a state of things as this? There is no one doctrine that is taught by all clergy at this moment in your Church, Mr. Temple. Everything is in dispute; you are not agreed on any one single thing. Do you call that unity? Do you think that the Lord Jesus is at the head of a spiritual Babel? To me such a thought is a blasphemy." Then seeing that he was troubled I stopped, and begged him to forgive my energy.

"Of course it pains me," he said, "but I wish you to say all that is in your mind. I don't misunderstand your energy; go on if you like."

"Then, sir," said I, "a little more, with your leave, shall be said. I leave you, sir, because you have no fixed teaching, and that proves you, of itself, to be no Church. But, sir, I believe that what you call the Church of England is the enemy of religion in this country. She is a thing in substance made up of Lutheranism and Calvinism; of those very things, Mr. Temple, from which you yourself shrink with horror. You throw over her a veil inscribed with a few Catholic words; and you say behold these things—they are her titles; she comes from God. But the people won't have their Protestant idol dressed up in your disguise. They appeal to the Reformation, and cry "no popery!" You have the best intentions, Mr. Temple, and you see the people's wants; but such things as you can give are, after all, nothing, and even

them you wont be able to give much longer. The bishop who dislikes the cross on the altar, and tells you to take it down"—

Mr. Temple would not let me go on. "Speak not evil of dignities," he said. "But consider your ways, Jordan. Don't fly to Rome in a hurry."

"If she is a *sister Church* why not?" I said, smiling.

"Because the Church of England is the Church of your baptism," he answered.

"Baptism!" I said. "What can the Church of England say about baptism. Her clergy preach different doctrines about it, and she lets them do so; baptism is an open question with her now."

"I believe in one baptism for the remission of sins," said Mr. Temple solemnly, quoting from the Creed.

"You do, sir," I said, "but your neighbour, Mr. Simeon, does not. And the Church of England allows and approves of you both. You can no longer say that the Church of England holds the Creed. And the communion of saints is another open question; you are not agreed among yourselves what it means. And you still call this a Church holding and teaching God's truth. It is asserting an abused contradiction. How can you refer those words *Catholic* and *Apostolic* to the Church of England, when the Creed is a thing in dispute, and the term 'Catholic Church' is supposed by multitudes of your own people to include all persons of every sect and denomination who believe in the Lutheran doctrine of faith without works?"

There followed a long pause.

"And so you will leave Knightley," said Mr. Temple at last, in a soft, sad way. It burst upon

me as a new idea. "Leave Knightley? Oh no, sir! I have no intention of that sort."

"Have you spoken to Sir Boston?" he said.

"No, sir; I determined to speak to you first."

"I am very sorry for you, Mr. Jordan; but I had better prepare you for a disappointment. Sir Boston wont keep you; I know he wont; you'll lose your situation; I am sure of what I say; Sir Boston *can't* keep you; you should think of this."

I did think of it. It fell like a lump of ice upon my heart; and thence it seemed as if the life-blood, chilledt hough it was, rushed with ten-fold speed through my veins. I took my leave; I dared not stay any longer lest I should betray my agitation. I had *said* often that I was but "a working man," *now* I *felt* it; I walked home; my thoughts remained fixed upon the same fearful idea. Would Sir Boston Knightley turn me off? and if he turned me off for becoming a Catholic, would any one else take me? Certainly I had money—the two hundred pounds left to me by Mr. Benson. We had always intended to leave that equally among the children; but if trouble arose, I must, of course, do something else with it. Still that sum was not much—it was but a year's wages. I hoped, I prayed, that Sir Boston might not dismiss me. There were not six places in England to be compared to Sir Boston's. It was folly to expect to get such another. And then came the thoughts of my wife and children; my wife, who did not yet know of my change of religious feeling; my children, who were bringing up so differently from the children of working men in general. If this change had come upon my mind only one year later, then Emma, probably, would have been engaged as a

governess, and my dear boy Edward would have been at college. There came a temptation over me that I should put off becoming a Catholic till these children were settled in life; but my guardian angel surely stood my friend. As the thought rose in my heart, the words "*Get thee behind me, Satan,*" were formed upon my lips; I walked on quickly. I will tell Sir Boston to-morrow, I said to myself. Accordingly, the next morning, I went early to the Manor House, and asked to see Sir Boston. I was shown into the room where he generally received people; the room of which I have spoken before, joining that in which Lady Fanny's last days had been spent.

"Well, Jordan," he said; "well, my friend!"

He was sitting drinking his coffee, for he was an early man, and he pointed to a chair that I might sit down; but I did not sit down. His cheerful voice was ringing in my ears; his affectionate words; he had called me *friend*; yes, and I knew in my heart that I was his *friend*, and that, great and powerful as he was, courted and feared as he was, high in this world as he stood, he had no *truer* friend than I was. I loved him well. Oh, I loved the good master, the long-honoured man, the admired gentleman, the powerful baronet, dearly, at that moment. All the events of my long years of happy service seemed to rise to my remembrance; and like a slowly-unwinding picture, I saw event after event pass by; the events of years, during which we had never misunderstood or deceived each other. Could such a master part with such a servant? and how could a servant who had so long lived in the luxury of love and indulgence, bear to be sent away? "No!" thought I, "we shall not part. Sir Bos-

ton," I began, "I am going to become a Roman Catholic."

He threw himself back in his chair like one quite overcome with surprise, and looked at me.

"I hope, sir," I went on, "that it will make no difference between you and me. If I have so far served you well, I hope that I may even serve you better in future."

"It is a sudden frenzy, Jordan. You think you must do this because they were civil to you when you broke your leg."

"No, Sir Boston, it is not sudden. I have been two years seeking a Church—seeking religion I may say. Mr. Temple can tell you so, sir; and it is not kindness that has converted me; I need not have gone beyond Knightley for kindness, sir."

"One after another—one after another," said Sir Boston musingly. I did not understand what he meant. I thought it wise to retreat if I could, so I said, "I hope that you will not take anything that I have said amiss. May I go, Sir Boston?"

"No, James, no! You don't understand; you don't know. Indeed I have a great attachment for you, James, but you must go. I mean that I must part with you; don't hurry; get another place as soon as you can; but there is no alternative—you *must* go."

I felt as if my feet were becoming rooted to the place on which I stood. A moment before I had wished to leave the room; now, though Sir Boston waved his hand to dismiss me, I could not move. There I stood; I wished to intercede for myself, but no word could I utter. Again Sir Boston pointed to the door, and this time with a gesture of impatience, and I tried to move, for go I knew that I *must*. So I turned round, and then my lips opened, and I said, "O God! this is a trial indeed!" -

"Then why encounter it?" exclaimed Sir Boston. "Stay in the Church of England, Jordan; it's good enough for you."

I turned round. "If *you*, sir, would re-consider *your* judgment? There are several depending upon me; it is my family that I think about."

"Don't ask that of me!" he exclaimed in a loud yet sorrowful voice. "It shall not be said of me that I could turn off my heir and keep my servant."

I did not dare to ask what he meant. I felt thunderstruck at such strange words, for that fine, handsome youth, Sir Henry Masters, was his heir, and had he disinherited him?

"Perhaps you have heard, Mr. Jordan, that there is a peerage at my service?"

"I have heard so, sir."

"Well, I sent for my nephew to see what sort of a man he had grown up into, after the foreign education that my poor sister and his father had been foolish enough to give him, and as you know, he came, and I liked him. Liked him!" he exclaimed. "It's wonderful how the youth wound himself round my heart during that visit; and so I determined, in my own mind, to take the peerage and adopt Henry as my heir. He has become a Catholic, and I cast him off. Can you plead for yourself *now*, Mr. Jordan?"

"Yes, Sir Boston," I said, "*now* I can plead, and boldly. Take both back to your patronage; I can only come back again through him; take both back; bless both, Sir Boston. Be happy in Sir Henry's gratitude, sir, and let me be happy in continuing in your service."

"Jordan, I did relent," said Sir Boston; "I even *wrote to Henry* and bid him come to me, for that I



had it in my heart to make him my heir still." He paused as if overcome by emotion.

"And he will come, surely," said I.

"He wrote me a handsome letter. He said he would come to see me ; but that as I had mentioned the subject of heirship, he thought he had best tell me that his heart was directed towards the Church ; in fact, that he was going to be a priest, and that I had better look to see my honours descend through some one else. And so, sir," continued Sir Boston, "I wrote him an angry letter, for I felt angry, and I think that I had a right to feel so ; and I said that he might stay where he was—that I never wished to see him again ! The world knows this, sir," he said proudly. "I think that it fixes your fate, Mr. Jordan—you may go, sir."

Sir Boston rose. He stood the perfect picture of lofty pride ; and I did as I was bid ; I went away. Still I had never told my wife. She saw, I was sure, that there was something on my mind. We had never had prayers night or morning since we came back from Newton ; and yet, though I longed to talk to her, I could not. But now I had to tell her of my dismissal—I *must* tell her now ; and yet another, and another day passed on, and I had never had courage to speak. Then came Sunday.

Now, thought I, I shall be *obliged* to tell my wife, because I *must* give some reason for staying at home from church. But once more the occasion passed by. "My dear James," said my wife, very early on Sunday morning, "Jane has borrowed the steward's gig, and his boy drives. I wish to go to Newton, just to take something to the nuns for a little remembrance. I have put up half-a-dozen pots of jam. Have you any objection to my going with

Jane ; the boy is so small, we can go three in the gig ?”

“No objection at all, my dear ; go by all means,” I said. I felt so glad to be alone.

Then came Monday, and I went to work. I came back to dinner ; I was silent and dejected ; I felt that my wife observed it and tried to rouse me ; that only added to my trouble. I set again to work in the afternoon ; I saw Villars in the conservatory. “I will *oblige* myself to tell Emma,” I said within myself. So turning to Villars, I said, “You need not talk of the thing publicly, but I am going to leave Sir Boston.” The man was, of course, surprised. I told him why I was going to leave ; that seemed to surprise him more ; but now the thing had found words, and I felt bolder : so on entering my house, and going into the parlour, and seeing Emma alone and knitting very industriously, I sat down by her side, and watched her for a moment in silence. I saw a tear drop from her downcast eye on her knitting needles. “Dearest wife,” said I, “is it possible that you can have heard the news ?” She looked into my face with such a frightened gaze, and the tears were streaming down her cheek. I said, “I know that your love for me is such, that you will make the best of it. Sir Boston has turned me off.” “Lord, have mercy !” sobbed forth my wife, and dropped her head upon my breast in a passion of emotion. But I was brave, and put up a silent prayer for continued strength. “Emma,” I said, lifting her up and kissing her, “you must be courageous ; I am sorry to bring this trial upon you.” “You, James,” she said. “Oh, *you* don’t bring it ; but how could Sir Boston know ?” “I told him myself.” “You, James,

Oh, what do we mean?" I smiled at such a bewildered enquiry. "*I mean*," I said, "that I hope to become a Catholic without delay, and that having told Sir Boston, he has in consequence turned me off; and as *I know* that there is no hope of my being taken on there, and as I also *know* that a great reverse of fortune must be in store for us, I want my own dear wife to recollect her love for her husband, and be as courageous and cheerful in meeting this loss of position and income as she possibly can."

My wife's eyes grew brighter and brighter each word I spoke. Her lips parted with a sweet smile; she looked at me with the most earnest fondness; and, when I stopped, she clasped her hands and looked up to heaven and said, "God of love and mercy be for ever praised. James, I was received into the Church myself yesterday; I have been wretched all day, tormenting myself about how I should tell you."

In spite of all our anticipations we were that day happy—most happy. Husband and wife were not separated. Come what might, we should bear it together. Together we had found the pearl of great price, together we would watch and keep the treasure in our souls. I was a happy man again. My wife was a Catholic, and I felt that I could not care for any earthly trouble; so, early next morning, I left my bed, and before other people were stirring, I was on the way to Newton; there was prayer and thanksgiving in my heart, and on my lips some words I had learnt out of one of Jane's books. "Lord, I come! Here I cast myself at Thy feet: consider not in what manner, at what time, or how late; consider only that I come!"

That night I returned, and that night I said to

Jane, "We may have family prayers altogether now." Jane had been crying, more or less, all day; but they were tears of joy, and were ready at any moment to pass off into a laugh. When I said this about prayers she ran off, and in another minute had returned with a crucifix, which she placed on a side-table, and my wife and she, and the two little girls, knelt down, leaving me a place in the middle, facing the holy symbol. Then, for the first time, I read aloud the night prayers from the "Garden of the Soul"—and when I said, "Visit, we beseech thee, O Lord, this house and family, and drive far from it all snares of the enemy; let thy holy angels dwell herein, who may keep us in peace, and let thy blessing be always upon us. Through our Lord Jesus Christ," I knew that that prayer would be fulfilled; I felt that its fulfilment had already begun.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### FIRST TRIALS.

OF course I wrote to my dear children Emma and Edward, and told them what their mother and I had done. I also said that we intended to bring up their little sisters in the Catholic faith, but that, as I considered them old enough to judge for themselves, they would not be troubled with controversy, or find the smallest difference in their happiness at home.

I received from them such good and dutiful letters as I expected. I also told them that at some, perhaps not distant, date I should leave Sir Boston Knightley's service. This announcement they evidently most heartily regretted. The reader knows that Sir Boston had told me to take my time in seeking for another place. This I soon felt to be a very great charity.

I inquired for a situation wherever I felt it to be the least likely that I should get one. I wrote letters to everybody at all likely to be able to assist me; I advertised in the London papers; I could not hear of anything likely to suit me; as letter after letter came, full of disappointment I felt a coldness creeping about my heart. Now and then there rose a faint hope that time would reconcile Sir Boston Knightley, and that I should continue in my place. But no; there came a certain Saturday. "Jordan," said Sir Boston, "during the short time that you probably have to stay with me, I

will pay your wages weekly ; we shall have less to settle when the time comes." He paid me, there and then, up to that day, and said " I hope you will soon hear of some place suited to you ; you know how honestly I can recommend you." Then I knew that there was no hope of staying at Knightley. Indeed Sir Boston seemed to lose his taste for floriculture. He seldom came into the green-houses ; and when I gave him specimens of the choicest flowers, he would carry them about as he walked languidly in the grounds, and often, laying them down, would entirely forget them ; his interest in his old pursuit seemed dying away. Most truly I saw that he would not want me much longer, and that it would be a sort of robbery to stay.

I had been talking over these affairs with my wife one morning, and we had both been acknowledging that our worldly prospects were somewhat dark, when the post-man came to the door. He gave me a letter ; it was from the lady in whose school Emma was a teacher, and was as follows :

" SIR—I hear from your daughter of the ill-advised and unhappy step that you have taken in leaving the purest Church in the world for that of Romish corruption. Under such circumstances I cannot permit your daughter to remain any longer, not even a day, in my seminary as a teacher. You must be aware that to keep her in such a responsible position might tend to injure *me* in the opinion of those whose confidence I have now the honour of possessing."

" I think my dear," said I to my wife on reading this, " that Emma may come to Helstead by the coach. Jane should go to meet her." My wife agreed, and Jane went ; and, by twelve o'clock, *my dear Emma* was beneath her father's roof.

This was a heavy blow, but Emma was in good spirits, and we would not impart our fears to her; so we disguised our feelings as well as we could. I now advertised for her. "A young lady, lately a teacher in a school of respectability, wishes for a situation in a gentleman's family, in which the children are not above fourteen years of age. A low salary would be accepted." There came many answers. But when the reference to Mrs. —, the school-mistress, was given, there was always one result. Her father and mother being Catholics, it was impossible for them to take her into their family.

So we had taken from our child her means of livelihood! Sorely it troubled our hearts; heavily fell the thought upon us that we *must* soon leave that pretty home, and that I *must* soon support my family by the sweat of my brow in some other service than Sir Boston's. But *where?*—and *how?* He who has felt *the weight of unanswered questions*, when on those questions depend the life of his body and of the bodies of all belonging to him, will know what a terrible sound was the ceaseless echoing of those words in my, and my wife's, heart. Still we bore up; and Jane was as a councillor at that time, and helped us bravely.

Bright eyes, and cheerful faces, and voices of gay tones, and trusting and steadfast hearts we *would* keep up, and my child Emma she never sorrowed or, I am sure, in her heart reproached us.

Another event quickly followed—it was evening, the fire was beginning to be agreeable, for winter was coming—the door burst open, and in rushed Edward. His clothes were in disorder, his shoes covered with mud, his face streaming with his re-

cent exertions, and his whole appearance bearing the marks of excitement, fatigue, and distress. I am sure that our faces blanched before the high-coloured cheek and glaring eye of the fevered boy.

My heart told me the truth, and I could not move, I seemed sensibly to feel the strength of my body departing from me. But my wife rose up, and went to him, not quickly and in haste, but with a woman's quiet courage. "Edward, my son!" she said, and leaned his head against her arm, and pressed her white cold lips upon his hot burning brow.

The boy turned his face, and hid it against her breast, "Father," he said, for he spoke to me, "father, I could not bear it any longer; I have run away."

I now could stand, so I got up and moved towards him; but the boy never moved from the refuge he had found, and pressed closer and closer to his mother's breast.

"What had you to bear, Edward?" asked his mother.

"What they said—what they did—oh mother!—about Catholics, you don't know what it is; I was not a gentleman, you know, or rich, for any one to take my part; *I could not bear it.*"

Again his mother's lips touched his forehead but she did not answer him.

I stood before them. Before my mind rose the fact of the boy's prospects in life being utterly destroyed; thoughts of what we could do for him—of what he might do for himself—of what would become of him, chased each other through my mind and then left it vacant; there was no hope to fall *back upon*; all was blight, ruin, desolation; and



when I spoke, I could not help saying what I did, the thought that was uppermost *would* be spoken; "You have ruined yourself, you have turned away from the only prospect of prosperity that this world has for you," and yet I said not these words reproachfully; I did not speak in anger, for indeed I felt no anger; only the truth was upon me so powerfully that it was not to be restrained; I spoke as one under an obligation to utter that which his heart knew to be the case, and having said it I paused.

Once more his mother's kiss fell like a blessing on the boy's brow, and then through his frame there ran a shudder, as if some picture had been brought to his view too terrible to look upon; and then there came a sob which so filled his breast, and rose so chokingly into his throat, that he was obliged to raise his head from his mother's arm and gasp as if for life; his eyes were shut, but I saw that the woe within was written in strong lines upon his face.

"Edward, do you blame us? do you bear anger or ill-will against us? I know that this has come upon you for our sakes?"

"Oh don't father—no, no;" and then came another sob, a sob that convulsed his whole frame, and poured forth from his lips in a cry of agony, a cry that no human strength could restrain, and the boy turned towards me, and stretched out his arms as if for help, and I strained him to my heart. But as I held him he grew stiff in my grasp, and I carried the senseless form into another room, and laid it down and watched it in the still intensity of a father's fear, for I thought that the boy was dead.

Neither of those children blamed their parents.

That was a true comfort to us. Knowing *that*, we again girded up our minds to bear anything—everything; we would hold together; we should yet do well.

It was a few days after this that I met Martin Smith at the garden gate. He met my greeting with a face on which appeared such a mingled expression of contempt and bitterness as almost made me start; yet he grasped my hand with kindly strength; and when he spoke he seemed to make an effort to throw off the feelings that his countenance had betrayed.

"So they are both come back," he said, after a minute's talk of other things, "both back—one sent and the other driven, eh?" I nodded my head in answer. His face resumed its expression of bitter contempt, and he said, "what did you use to call them? eh, master? sister churches, eh? ah, sisters *sisters*!" and then he laughed; he laughed and turned away. Anything more speaking than that laugh never was heard. *He* knew that whatever the few of the Anglo-Catholic Romanizers might feel, that the mass of those persons calling themselves by the name of the Church of England hated the Church of Rome, hated the thought of the See of St. Peter, hated to hear of any turning towards it. *He* knew that the great enemy of the Holy Catholic Church was that spurious thing calling itself a living branch of that which it hated in its heart. "*Sister Churches*," he said and he turned away; and again that laugh quite terrible in its contempt, rose; and though I almost shuddered as I heard it, there was in it a tone of truth that found an echo in my heart.

Days and weeks passed on. It was the end of

November, and no better prospects had dawned upon me. One thing, and that an important thing, had happened. Young John Yeoman had proposed marriage to Emma, and had been accepted. I had promised to give her fifty pounds out of her grandfather's money the day she was married, and all parties were contented.

Jane had often pressed upon me and my wife that we should have Sarah and Anna received into the Church. We had no unwillingness, certainly ; but we were so occupied with our worldly affairs, that we never seemed to have time to do this thing ; which was certainly wrong, for Sarah was now turned ten years old, and Anna more than nine. Again and again Jane spoke of it, and again and again my wife and I answered that we would think of it soon ; when we had obtained some further insight into our own affairs—when Edward was somehow provided for—when Emma was married ; and so things went on, and I was at times very miserable about my black future, and very sad about my son : altogether suffering too much in my mind to rejoice as I might have done about my daughter's settlement in life ; and being so anxious in my heart, as to turn away quite with an internal sense of sickening when Mrs. Yeoman's merry voice was busy about the little wedding preparations, and feeling that Emma's cheerful accents in answer grated discordantly upon my ear.

Thus I used to feel so oppressed and overcome, that when Jane spoke of the little girls I felt no interest in her words. She said she had taught them their prayers, and how to examine their consciences at night, and I thanked her languidly ; and one day when really affected by the knowledge

of my anxiety, she said, "oh, master, you should take yourself to prayer, you should ask the nuns to make a novena for you ; oh you should take those dear children to be received ; you should lay your troubles before our blessed Lady," I interrupted her with saying "not now, not now, Jane, by-and-by, when we are a little out of this trouble." She turned away ; I saw that tears were in her eyes ; she was saying something about a Holy Communion ; but I felt out of spirits and only said again "by-and-by, by-and-by," and hurried away. I mention this particularly because of what followed soon after.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE HOUR OF FEAR.

I HAVE said before that a small river dashed down a ravine between the hills at the back of our house, and there formed a cataract of great natural beauty ; the climbing walk among the rocks and short oaks by the side of the dashing stream was full three quarters of a mile long. Then, when this torrent reached the plain it joined the placid river that flowed among the green meadows in our front.

Occasionally, in winter, the low-land before us had been overflowed by the river, because of the increase of water in the small moor-streams that, some miles above, flowed into it. Twice, in the last ten years, I had seen the bridge carried away ; but the last time it had been rebuilt, it had been raised to a height which made another such accident next to impossible. At the time, however, of which I am speaking, we had had some very heavy rain for several days following, and the river swelled in a sudden and remarkable way. Emma and her brother had been spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. Yeoman, and we expected them back that evening ; but as my wife saw the waters rising she said that they would not return that night, that they would be afraid to pass the bridge ; and this was my own opinion also.

The water continued to rise. It flowed over the bridge so that foot-passengers could not cross it, and the whole of the meadows was inundated.

Higher and higher; and with extraordinary rapidity. ~~the water rose~~ till the garden was filling, and Jane with looks of alarm came to us saying that we should surely have the water into the house. All the low-land before us was now one huge angry-looking lake, of which the water was flowing rapidly down in a powerful stream, and it was evident to our common sense, that all the flat land between us and the deep channel, when the tide flowed up meeting the river must be under water. I now felt that Jane's fears would come to pass. When the tide flowed it would meet the down-flowing water and stem it back. Then I knew that it would rise several feet, and that it would come through the house. So we all set to work to get our furniture and carpets removed up stairs. While doing this there came a noise, and we all paused in our work, for we felt that it was a sound that betokened harm. It was loud as thunder, but more resembled the rushing of a mighty wind. It did not cease, but continued still, still going on, and rather getting louder and heavier in its sound. We looked from one to the other; we asked what is it? We felt that some mighty calamity was closing in upon us; we felt that man's strength was but as nothing before the nameless power which made us tremble even at its sound. Such thoughts were not a moment in passing through our minds. "The catastrophe!" I cried, and I rushed to the staircase window to look out at the back of the house. Just as I reached it, I saw the fence of the back court knocked down by a rapid flood — the cow-shed was in a moment a hundred paces and through the house rushed the flowing tide and filled our lower rooms: and pouring on at the windows and front door, it rushed on to the water in front.

There was a cry from the stair-case. I rushed back. "Are we all here?" Yes; Jane and her mistress held each a weeping child, and as yet we were all safe.

I knew that some sudden increase of water must have caused this disaster, and I hoped that it would not continue long. Afterwards we found that it was occasioned by the giving way of some mill-dams a few miles off. Farmer Yeoman's dams, not being able to sustain the press of water thus thrown upon them, also gave way, and so the waters of the cataract, already at an extraordinary and alarming height, became so suddenly increased as to place us in the danger I have described.

In the back yard there was an instantaneous deposit of earth, stone, gravel, and small limbs of trees; but in a quarter of an hour's time we saw the danger beginning to subside. The children, losing their terror, amused themselves with watching little islands of mud appearing, and with running from the back to the front windows to watch the increase of the water where it was affected by the tide; and my wife and Jane began again to busy themselves in putting the removed furniture into something like order, up stairs.

I cannot recollect how long a time passed in this way. I can only recall the fact, that my wife, little Anna, and myself were alone in one of the newly-arranged rooms, and that I had a book in my hand, when I thought that I heard a sound as of a man calling at a distance. The sound came from the hill behind, so I went into a back room to look out. I observed then, that the court and yard were one mass of water and mud, and broken branches, but that a pretty strong current of water was running at

the farther side, and that when it met the obstruction of the end of the house, it swayed aside with great force and swiftness, and so joined the united streams beyond. This I had just time to remark before I heard the voice again, and, looking where the parting trees showed the summit of the steep hill side, I saw the figure of a man who was throwing about his arms, as if to attract attention, and from whom the loud shouts and hallooing came. I knew that he was in no danger himself, and I could only conclude that he was holding some communication with persons to whom he could not, under existing circumstances, come nearer. I never imagined that he was trying to rouse *my* attention, or that his cries and gestures had anything to do with *me*. At last I perceived that his attitudes suddenly wore a despairing form; he threw up his arms, and even seemed to spring upwards in the air in an agony of distress, and then he ran away, and I lost sight of him. A most uncomfortable impression was left upon my mind, and I called for Jane, thinking that her quick wit might help me.

I called, but I received no answer. I called again, again, louder, louder, till the house rung, till my wife joined her cries, till little Anna screamed out, "And Sarah is gone too!" and then we knew that they were lost!

All in front of the house was one vast, rapid-travelling sea of water, so high that no fence was to be seen; only the upper railing of the bridge showed at once where the bridge was, and the depth of the grave below. All at the side of the house was the same, only that lofty elm, and oak, and cedar, rose up from the glittering plain, and for a short space turned the water aside, only to increase



its strength, as it seemed, when the disturbed current again united. No human being could live in such a sea—its depth, its force—there was a wild, worrying strength in its rapidity. No, not any human being could live in such a sea, and my child, and my friend. Oh, God! where—where were they?

There was not a sound upon the world around us. There was no more utter desolation to be imagined upon earth. Every human being about us was imprisoned like ourselves; to move was death—to be still was agony. There was not a straw for hope to cling to. Yes; there was the man whom I had seen upon the hill; but he, alas! he had flung up his arms in despair, and crying, had fled away; he had seen them carried off; no doubt he had seen them hurried away on the tearing, foaming tide, and what could I do? Can I ever forget the hopelessness of that hour?

In a sort of madness I waded forth at the back of the house. A poor, impotent creature, strong only in grief, in horror, I might say in despair. I seized hold of a staff—it was a part of the wood that had supported the roof of the cow-shed, and I waded on. I looked around me; there was nothing there to trace them by. I thought that I could get across to the wood, and up the craggy side to Farmer Yeoman's, and that there I might cross the cataract stream, and so get down through Knightley to the river side, and possibly gain some news of my lost ones. I thanked God that the tide was rising, and that the rush of fresh water would so be kept back, at least I might get their bodies. But such thoughts, useless, profitless thoughts as they were, could not be carried out. I now found

that where, beyond the yard, a deep ditch had separated us from the wood, a rapid river was now running, so that our house stood on an island from which there was no escape; I was a strong man; I was a courageous man; I could endure much and long continued fatigue, and I had experience of danger. Yet I saw that there was no escape, and that the poor consolation of seeking for those who could not be imagined to be alive, was not to be obtained.

I got back to the house; my wife had been watching me; I had no voice to speak to her, but she understood it without words; "I know it, I know it," she said, "where else could that stream come from which beats against the lower end of the house? and look up the meadows, see, it is one vast lake, you cannot trace where the course of the river lies, but you can see where the waters divide their strength, and one current takes the line through the ditches to the foot of the cataract, and the other, avoiding the curving of the river, comes straight to the bridge."

It was just as she had said; I crossed to the front door; I looked out; the effect of the rising tide was plainly visible; the waters were rising every moment; before the time of high water, the house would again be flooded, and deeply, and for a long time. Desolate, helpless prisoners! there was not a sound without but that of rushing waters, and within only our own sad voices, as from time to time we spoke a few words, only a few gasping words which told of our misery and despair; would the hour ever come when we should know the truth? that dreadful waiting, that forced inactivity, *that never-ending yearning after the impossible to*

be accomplished. Can I ever forget what suffering it was to wait, wait, wait—to wait for the truth.

I stood still by the threshold; I held fast by the door-posts; the water washed round my feet and then round my ankles, but I could not move; my eyes were fixed on the moving plain before me—on the rapidly-passing water—going like time, not to be arrested—never to return—where? to the ocean—to eternity. Eternity? was my child *there*? Still I gazed, looking down, looking along the course she must have gone, and knowing that she was out of sight, carried away—far, far away—and *where*? And now I prayed, whether with spoken words or not I do not know, but I prayed.

“Father! because I have not brought her to thee—because I have quenched the urgings of God the Holy Ghost to bring her to the Church—because I have kept her from the knowledge of Jesus upon our altars; save her; let not the child be lost because the father returned thee evil for good. I know not her sins, neither their weight or their number, but I know that I have not brought her to the sacrament of purification, therefore, O God, save her from this death! Save her from this death!”

Oh the energy with which I made that prayer—the absolute repentance with which I confessed my sin! “Because I have done evil, save her from this death!” And so time passed, I know not how, but it seems to me that I was hours with that prayer in my heart and on my lips, “because *I* have done evil, save her from this death.”

And I was not contented with myself praying only. I called on others to help. “Holy Guardian Angel, to whom is given the care of my child,

now be strong, help—save her! Holy St. Peter, when you were ready to sink, walking on the water, Jesus stretched out his hand and you were saved, pray for her! Rock of the Church, pray for her.”

I called upon all the host of Heaven, and besought their prayers for my child to be saved. I cried in my trouble that Almighty God could save her; that there was nothing impossible to God, and that he surely would save her if they would pray with me. Yet I had kept the name of one advocate till the last, because it was so precious, nevertheless she had been in thought associated with the name of every other. And now I said, and this I know was said aloud, “Holy Mother, *Mother* ! thou who hast known a parent’s heart, thou who hast received the perfect love and duty of a child; *Mother* ! thou whose heart wast torn by an anguish greater than mine; thou knowest our sorrows, thou knowest our wants; pray, pray.” My utterance was gone, my emotion could not be subdued, and now for the first time I knew that my wife was by my side; she held forth her crucifix, and went on when my words ceased, yet leaning her head upon my shoulder and her tears falling on my breast; “Holy Mother thou art comforted now,” she whispered between her sobs, “comfort therefore us.”

O Solace of the weak, O Fortitude of the faint-hearted, O Refuge of sinners, pray for us! Through thy groans and tears, through thy maternal compassion, through thy powerful patronage deliver us!”

And thus, together, we uttered the prayers that we could remember as best suited to our necessity; and again I am obliged to say that how time moved we knew not; hours must have passed.

I know that we were resting on the lower steps of the stair-case, holding our little Anna between us, and still, as I may truly say, waiting upon God, when my ears caught a rippling sound like that of receding waters; I ran to the door—it was so; the pebbles on the walk were visible, and from that moment the water decreased. We watched it with a solemn feeling of awe. A patience had come upon our souls; we felt that we really were in the hands of Almighty God; we were ready to suffer anything he should appoint; in the midst of the fervour of our prayers we had learnt to say, “thy will be done!”

It was about five o'clock in the evening when I was arming myself with a strong stake, and when, having embraced my wife and Anna, I was starting to get to Knightley to make some inquiry after our lost ones.

I had left the house, and was just beyond the place where the garden fence had stood, and was making my way over the impediments that lay about, when a sound of many voices burst upon me. I stopped, startled; they were addressed to me, calling on me to stop, or to make my way towards them; “who is it?” I cried. “Me, father; Edward! and here is John Yeoman, and many more; we got down as soon as we could; but we can't get to the house; what a good thing you came out and that we saw you, we have been longing to come, for, father, they are safe!”

“Safe? what—who? speak, Edward!”

“Jane and Sarah, father; how you must have suffered! they are at Oakhurst, at Martin Smith's; make mother comfortable; everybody is there; Mrs. Yeoman, and Emma, and the Doctor, and John

and I are going ; and they will do very well, no real injury ; you'll be able to get to them to-morrow, father, it's no use leaving mother to-night, you could not get to them unless you went all round by Knightley.

" *Who saved them, and how ?* " I cried, we were still so far distant I was obliged to shout.

" We hardly know," answered John Yeoman, only there was something about a tree, and Martin Smith did some wonder ; I wanted to hear all about it, but Emma sent us off to you."

And then came good nights and tender words from the boy to his mother, and receding footsteps, and then I was in the house again ; I barred the door quickly ; I went up stairs ; I saw that lights were burning ; I entered the room ; my wife had heard all, she was on her knees and Anna in tearful ecstacy knelt beside her. Before them on a table was a statue of our Blessed Lady holding her divine son, and lights were burning there. Still the mother held the crucifix ; I do not think that throughout our trouble she had ever let it go.

I cannot tell of our joy. Reader, I must pass on, I cannot tell you of our joy.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### MANY CHANGES.

VERY early the next morning, and just as I was going to set off for Martin Smith's house, Edward arrived from farmer Yeoman's, and two of the farm servants—a man and a woman—with him. They had been sent to help to clean our house and set it in order, and also to enable my wife to go with me to see Jane and our child. We were heartily thankful for this considerate kindness on the part of our good neighbours, and, after a few minutes delay, my wife and I set out on our walk.

Martin's old housekeeper let us in, and on mattresses and blankets on the floor of his lower room lay Jane and Sarah; and with them was Emma, who had been there all night.

Each of them wore a sad, languid, worn-out look; but smiles rose at sight of us—smiles and tears too. It was a sight that wrung our hearts—but they were saved—thank God, they were saved! The awe, the fear, the bitterness of death was past, and it was impossible to look on them in their then state—weak, and in a measure suffering as that state was—and not feel that their deliverance had been great—that it was the Lord's doing, and wonderful in our eyes!

The history of their danger and their safety was soon told. The first was a child's tale of a floating rabbit-hutch, and the sight of struggling favourites dying in the water, and of how she tried to save

them by reaching out a stick to help their efforts, and of how she over-reached herself and fell in; and of how Jane dashed into the danger to get her out; and of how together they got into the current and were washed away. The next part of the story was of the providence of God, and the good courage of man. It was Martin Smith, whom I had seen on the hill side; he, as I suspected, had seen them washed away. He had rushed to their aid—but what aid could man give? No earthly power could have helped those sufferers. Martin saw them washed down—down the powerful rapid-pouring stream, from which no strength of man could deliver them. But it pleased God that their course should be arrested by a tree which the water had undermined, and which had fallen in its length across the stream. Against the branches of this tree, as the current was carrying them round what had been its highest summits, Jane thrust the child with the hand which had never let her go, and as the water swung her round she caught hold with the other hand herself. At this time Sarah was senseless, but Jane had never lost her recollection, though they had been carried down at least half a mile.

Wonderful to relate! they had remained hours clinging to the tree. The multitude of branches formed a barrier against the water, and also the means of climbing to a comparatively safe position. There Sarah recovered her senses, but her strength had received so great a shock that Jane never supposed that her powers could sustain the trial of waiting for a long time in that perilous position. Yet to wait was Jane's only hope. She never *thought either that any one had seen them, or that*



if they had been seen, that any one could save them before the sinking of the water.

And, will it be believed, that fearing for my child's life, that woman, there, in a position of imminent danger, did all in her power to prepare her young soul for death? When Smith, after hours of search, discovered where they were, and, with a courage and determination not to be described, got out to them, cutting his way with an axe through the branches of the tree, he found Sarah, as he feared, actually dying, and Jane, though able to speak, and still supporting the child, in a scarcely less fearful condition. First of all, binding the child to his shoulder and back with a rope, he got her safely to the bank; and then going back again, he brought Jane there also. Smith carried Sarah to his cottage, but Jane contrived to walk there. But once within the house, the strength that had supported her gave way, and she had from that moment been in a very alarming state of weakness.

They told me that when my child first recovered her consciousness, she still fancied herself among the branches of the fallen tree, and called on Jane to help her, "Hold me—don't let me go, Jane! Jane! say those prayers again, again; I am sorry for every sin, I think of the Lord Jesus stretched upon the cross to save my soul. If I were going to live any longer I would do nothing but serve God. I would have my friends among the saints and angels, and the Blessed Virgin I would take for my mother in heaven. I would never cease trying with all my might to live a holy life; I would never, if possible, sin any more. Yes, yes; I confess my sins; I am very sorry to think that the love of the Lord Jesus should ever have been

for one moment out of my memory. Oh Jane! I feel the waters coming. I am going now, Jane! you cant hold me—I feel going—Lord Jesus receive my soul!" All this was repeated to me by Emma, and even after I saw the child, she would talk in the same way in her sleep, and then start up, and when she saw her mother watching by her bed-side, she would fling herself against her breast, and weep and cry in a way which no fond soothings could at first pacify.

And good, steadfast, holy Jane—what of her? By her side knelt the priest from Newton. With a sad serious face and a trembling voice the doctor had said that Jane might die!

Again let me pass on. I am loath to dwell upon woe.

Martin left the cottage to us. We had servants from Yeoman's farm—we had friends from many places. We had all that we wanted of luxury from Sir Boston Knightley; and Mr. Temple stood within our door, and looked on, as we thought, the dying—and said, "You do not want me here." A week passed by, and Jane was, the doctor said, out of *immediate* danger. She sat by the fire, propped up in an easy chair, and smiling a soft, quiet, pensive smile upon little Sarah, who was strong enough to wheel a hoop with Anna and to walk a mile after some new rabbits.

But, notwithstanding Sarah's recovered spirits, it was evident that into the body of the child had crept an older heart. It was as if she had passed through the valley of the shadow of death, and it had left upon her a knowledge such as no one of those in health around her possessed. The children had, both of them, been received into the

Church. Wonderful it seemed to be; but there, in Martin Smith's cottage, little Sarah had made her first confession, and there, under the fear of death, she had made her first communion. And Martin Smith had himself been by when the Blessed Sacrament visited his roof; and hidden away, as it were, among some furniture which had been put aside in a corner, I saw him with his head buried in his hands, and his strong frame convulsed with emotion. And when all was over, he had come quietly forth, and advanced to the child's bed-side; and taking her little hand in his, he had said, sobbing, "pray for me, Sarah, you must pray for *me*!"

The child had looked up with her bright, glad eyes into his face with a glance so sweet, and she had pressed her hands together and said in a child's simple way, "he saved me from death! Oh, Lord Jesus, you who saved my soul, you let *him* save my body. Oh, you must love him, you let him save me! And now I am yours, and he wants to be yours. He says, 'pray for me!'" My wife and I were at that moment on our knees. I felt that I would have given years of my life to have seen that man bend his knees and join himself in the child's prayer. But he turned away with a slow, heavy step, and left the house. But these times had passed away. The doctor had pronounced Jane to be not in immediate danger, and we prepared to return to our home.

During our absence all things had been as far restored as was possible. And once more, after this interval, I began to look out for a situation.

"Is it true, sir," said a respectable man to me one morning, as I was leaving the house, "is it true that you are really going to leave your place at Knightley?"

"Yes," I answered, "quite true."

"It's open for any person to offer?"

"Yes, it is. Are you going to offer to Sir Boston?"

"I am."

"Where have you lived?"

"I have been head labourer in Mr. Davis's grounds."

Mr. Davis was the possessor of nursery gardens at Newton, and was, I knew, a man of experience in his profession.

"Have you been accustomed to as much glass as there is at Knightley?" I asked.

"Why, no," answered the man doubtfully; "but then I hear that Sir Boston is going to put down the hot-air houses of the Mexican plants, and the large conservatory also."

"I have not heard of that," I said.

"Well, it came through Mr. Temple, so I suppose it's true," replied the man. "They say that Sir Boston is cut up about your going, and that he's going to pull those houses down. Now, if that's the case, I think that I should suit him, and so I'm going to offer. Do you know what wages Sir Boston intends to give? I shall ask thirty shillings a-week, and not be particular about hours; I was offered twenty-five by Mr. Davis to stay with him."

"Is Mr. Davis suited?" I asked.

"No; I shall stay on if Sir Boston does not engage me; but I fancy that Sir Boston will, for I'm recommended by Mr. Temple, and I've got a very handsome letter from Mr. Davis, in my pocket."

The man, Henry Thompson he was called, was engaged by Sir Boston; and that evening I went to Newton and offered myself to Mr. Davis, and

took his place at twenty-five shillings a-week, and made a promise to work for him on the Monday following.

And so it happened. By Saturday night we were all deposited—I can't say settled—in a house near the nursery grounds. The situation was healthy, and the house small, but not inconvenient, and we were near enough to the convent for the girls to go there to school.

We never hired any one to work for us. My wife, Emma, and the children did all the women's-work, saving Jane, who was still too weak to be trusted to do what her willing spirit urged her to do; and Edward and I, with no small help from John Yeoman and Martin Smith, did all the hard work.

Our house soon looked neat and tidy, and I was glad to see Edward take his school-books, and work as hard at his learning as if he was at school. Poor boy! I did not know what good his learning was to do him now, but I was glad to see such proofs of energy of mind about him. But yet, of an evening I should see him and Sarah talking together, and she showing him her books, and speaking of the things she had learned at school, or been told of by the nuns. The first Sunday or two Edward did not go anywhere to Church. After that he spent a week at Mr. Yeoman's; then came Emma's marriage, and she took Edward with her to a house they had taken within a walk of the farm, so that John was not removed from his work, and this house had been partly furnished by us; the house we now inhabited being so much smaller than our former one that we had been able to spare them a large share of our furniture. After a few weeks *is it to his sister*, Edward came back again to us.

After his return, John Yeoman sent me word that if Edward liked he would take him on the farm. I ought to have said that Edward had not earned anything since he came home. I thought it my duty to tell him of John's offer, and his answer was this:

"Father, Mr. Davis promised when you came here to give me a place under you at eight shillings a week if you liked to stay with him; do you like it, father?"

"Yes, Edward. I have no thoughts of moving."

"Then I'll speak to Mr. Davis," said the boy. "I would rather stay here; I would rather be with you. I must work hard wherever I go. But in a town I may have some opportunity of again going to my learning; in the mean time I must keep up Latin and Greek as well as I can for myself, and there is another reason, father, I wish to be a Catholic."

I embraced my dear son with fervent gratitude, "who has done this?" I exclaimed.

"Almighty God, of course!" said Edward smiling; "but the instruments by which this grace has come to me are two—Jane and Sarah."

"Jane again!" I cried.

"Ah, yes," answered Edward. "Jane again! Oh, father, how good she is! I believe that she's the best friend that ever came into a family."

And so Edward was received into the Church, and worked as a labouring boy under me. I don't believe that a happier family lived upon earth!

Only one thing shed a sadness around us; and yet, though sad it was, there was with it a holy awe—a holy gracious awe. This was the sight of *Jane*. Daily her eye grew brighter, and the colour

in her cheek became more fixed, and her complexion of a paler, clearer hue. That sweet smile with which she had so constantly watched Sarah when the child was recovering, was now scarcely ever off her face; it was a strange smile, very sweet, but a little anxious, and now and then it wore a slight expression of weariness and pain. Her voice was not often heard now, for her breath was short, and when she spoke it was huskily, as if her throat was always dry. She moved about slowly, and my wife and the children would chide her when she attempted to work. So Jane plied her needle almost all day except when she fetched our milk, butter, bread, and shop-goods, or did any easy household labour not likely to fatigue her thin, worn frame. But Jane never lost her spirits or her industrious habits. She felt constrained to be less bustling, but the mind was quick and clear, and always at work. There was within her such a spring of faith, and hope, and perseverance in good works; there was such a gladness of spirit, such a ready-acquiescence in God's will, such an unswerving belief in *that* being best which His providence ordained, that sad as it was to see Jane sinking, as we felt sure was the case, there was yet that about her which made her the sweetest and pleasantest sight in the house. She strengthened my heart, she comforted my wife, she taught the children, she encouraged Edward. She was the staff of our house, and we all loved her—but she was passing away. We never spoke of it to her, neither did she speak of it to us, but we knew it; and when I thought on *the truth*, that she had lost hope of length of days in saving little Sarah's life, I knew not what to do! I could only pray that our

Father in Heaven would remember what she had done for me and for my children upon earth.

And thus we went on through the winter. The end of February was come, and there was promise of a mild March and an early spring. It had been a very happy winter. The dear little girls had got on well in the knowledge of their religion, and my dear Edward's conduct had been such as to make the hearts of his parents overflow with thanksgiving. He and his sisters had received Confirmation with us; and we had, all of us, been blessed with great joy in our religion. It left us nothing to wish for. Sarah often spent several days together at the convent under the charge of the lay sisters. Edward, all through the cold and dirt of winter, had worked hard with me in the gardens. No poor labourer's son ever worked harder or better than Edward. The life, hard as it was, agreed with him. He grew stout and tall, and his limbs increased in power and size. And always of an evening Edward produced his books. He used to say, "I *must* keep up what I know. I need not try to learn more; to keep up what I have already learnt will do for me; and then, by-and-by, something *may* happen, father—something may take me back to the dear books again; there is no harm in fancying or even in hoping that, is there?" And the boy who worked all day, and read at night, would be up hearing Mass in the morning, proud and happy when he might serve the priest; and keeping constant watch, I honestly believe, over thought, word, and action, that he might not offend against the pure law of God's holy Church, the spouse of Christ, the witness on the earth for Truth.

*One morning, having been serving Mass at the*



chapel, he returned overjoyed, holding a letter in his hand, "Oh father! see here. What a blessing is here; Sir Henry Masters has sent to the priest about you. He says in the letter that he knows you—and Jane! he asks after Jane! Well, father, he says that if I will come to him at L—— that he will have my education finished, and get me on in the world, as he has no doubt of being able to do."

We praise thee, O God, we acknowledge thee to be the Lord. There was a *Te Deum* that day in our house.

What a making of shirts and a marking of stockings! I recollect it as a sort of bustle, of thanksgiving, and gladness, and hope, and wonder, and hard work of washing and ironing, and through all, and with all, a flood of increasing stitchery. However, we were grateful, glad, and happy, and after the shortest possible time of preparation Edward was sent off to L——.

Because I have been desirous of carrying on the thread of our family affairs unbroken, I have omitted to tell, in its right place, of a circumstance which I will relate now.

It was the second week in December that I began to work for Mr. Davis. I thought that some green-house pruning had been neglected, and I was busy about it a day or two after taking the place. A man who was helping me took up some branches and flowers, which I had cut away and dropped upon the ground, and said, "a while ago I should have been glad of these things. There came here such a curious, gentle sort of a girl, not like the common tramping people, and she asked me for flowers; for, said she, I make them, master,

and I am thankful for a new pattern now and then; I copy nature as closely as I can, and the ladies like to buy my newest things."

"Wonderful!" I exclaimed, for I was sure that this girl was Annette. "What sort of a person was she—what kind of looking person?"

"Oh, a remarkable good-looking girl, with beautiful dark, soft eyes. She said she was a foreigner, and wandering about after somebody, but I expect it was a bad story, for she got crying, and so I gave her a few flowers, though not such as she wished to have, and she went away."

"Has she been here since?"

"Oh, no; she had not much encouragement for that."

"How long ago was it?"

"Well, I think about the beginning of August last," said the man, considering.

I was sure that he was right. That was the time of my breaking my leg, and the time of Louis Sage again tracing her into that neighbourhood. I did not say more to the man than that if she came again I should like to see her; but we talked of poor Annette at home.

And now the reader understands that the February in the following year had arrived. In the intervening time I had heard twice from Louis, who was still leading his wandering life, hoping to come upon Annette; but of her I had not heard anything. We were a small family now; we had trusted our dear boy to a foreign land, and trusted him without fear. He had gone out into the world, and I did not tremble for him. I recollected his brave conduct all the winter; I recalled his *industrious hard-working* days, trenching ground at my *side with a vigour* beyond his years. I remem-

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bered his cheerful voice, his radiant countenance, and his glowing face when, on hearing the convent Angelus bell break forth, he would plunge his spade into the soil and say, "now, father!" and repeat that declaration of faith and soul-stirring appeal with me. I had seen his eyes grow bright as gems when he said, "And the Word was made Flesh, and dwelt among us!" It was evidently a thought that filled his whole soul with wonder, gratitude, veneration, and love. I believed that his heart bowed in adoring service to God as he declared the awful truth; I knew that my son was a Christian; I knew that he was the child of Holy Mother Church; I knew that he had found within her all the help that man wants to support him in life's difficult path; I knew that he led a life of self-examination, of contrition and confession, and of purpose of amendment; I knew that he adored Jesus upon the altar, and that his soul grew strong through the heavenly food thence given to him; I knew that he loved the unbloody sacrifice, and joined to it the offering of his hopes, his desires, his toils, his sorrows, his cares. My child might leave the home of his father, but from his mother the Church no accident could part him; so praying to God to bestow upon him the inestimable gift of final perseverance, I sent my child away with a glad spirit and a trusting heart.

I have passed over such great events in our religious life as our first Advent, our first Christmas, and our first Lent in the Church. To have entered upon our feelings at those times would have made my history too long. But I must now observe that we were within a fortnight of Easter—the Easter of 1850—an era which claims a chapter to itself.

## CHAPTER XX.

THE EASTER OF 1860.

MARTIN SMITH often came to see us. Between him and Sarah, and Jane, there existed a strong affection. He was always, in a peculiar manner, *their* guest, when he came to us, though it may easily be conceived that such a welcome as an undying gratitude could give, he never wanted from my wife and me. Since Edward's departure, he had often slept at our house, in what had been Edward's room, on his way to B——, where he frequently went to see his brothers.

It happened one day that I was engaged in some laborious work in the nursery ground, when Martin Smith came to me. He was a very strong, well-grown man, and when dressed in his best, had a good, well-to-do, brave English air with him, which was very striking. He never talked in the old way now.

"Well, Jordan—rather hard work!"

"Yes, very."

"Something real in that. Not like the picking, and pulling, and trimming, and tying, and cutting, and slipping at Knightley."

"Not very," said I, laughing, and taking up my spade again.

"Well, that's all over there now."

"How?"

"Oh! glass-houses to be pulled down, and a domestic chapel to be built."

"Dear me! What's that for?"

"For a refuge for Mr. Temple, I suppose. The Knightley people are nearly mad. Sir Boston turned off two or three labourers for not going to Church, and they were thrown upon the parish, and we are all for religious liberty now!"

"And persecute Mr. Temple. Eh?"

"Oh, he's a paid servant, they say, and must do what he's hired to do; but I don't meddle," said Smith.

"Is that the doctrine you learn at B——?" I asked.

"Perhaps it is," said Martin; "but you might judge for yourself if you liked."

"I will, I think, one day."

"Why not now?"

A little more of this kind of talk went on, and at last I arranged a visit to Smith's brothers at B——; a day or two passed and I went. I saw the Smiths, and several others of their sort. Clever, thinking, and what is more, *reading* men. I don't mean to say that all their studies were such as I should have recommended to them, but they read a good deal, and knew a good deal, and could think and speak.

I could not stay as long as Martin stayed, for I had but one day's holiday, so I returned home by myself. The distance was about eighteen miles, and I was going to walk. I set off at six in the evening, expecting to have a pleasant walk, and to get home before twelve o'clock. About four miles out of B——, an old woman, forming one of a group of four women and three men, jumped up from the hedge-side where they were huddled together, and ran to me begging. She did not excite my chari-

table feelings, and I refused her; an old man then came forward, putting himself just before me, and added his entreaties for money. I tried to push by, but the woman had run back to the hedge and brought forward another figure. "Here, sir, see the poor girl; you can't refuse us now. Show your poor face to the gentleman; blind, sir, blind, and dependent on us for everything, and us too old and weak to do anything, and no parish—born at sea, both of us, your honour." She was running on with her story, but my eyes were fixed on the blind girl; for blind she was, and yet it was Annette!

"What relation is that girl to you?"

"Our grand-daughter, sir; she's been blind from her birth, and her poor mother died and left her to us."

I had watched Annette's face. I saw a spasm pass across it as these falsehoods were uttered. I went on asking questions, for I was settling in my mind what to do. I glanced at the others of the party; there were three sturdy gipsy-like looking men among them. It was just a case in which might made right, and I did not know what to do. I was sure that Annette's beautiful face, gentle manner, and now, above both, her blindness, must make her a profitable speculation to those people. I did not dare to make myself known to the girl, for I feared that it would be a reason to these vagrants for carrying her off; yet how could I leave her? I prolonged the conversation as long as I dared, all the while arranging a plan in my mind; at last I fixed on what I would do.

"Do you know the village of Broadway, about two miles off, on this road?" I asked; yes, they did;

"Well," I said, "I feel interested in your poor grand-daughter; I have only six-pence to give you now." And, so saying, I produced the money; "but if you will call at the Swan; do you know that Inn?"

"Oh yes; it is on the left going in, your honour!"

"If you will call at the Swan any time—to-night if possible, or at any-rate to-morrow, or as soon as you can, I will do more for you." They professed the deepest gratitude, promised to be at the Swan in the course of an hour, and I walked on as fast as I could walk. As soon as I got to the Swan, I sent for the constable, told him the story, and desired him to secure them, and send me word at Newton; and I sent to B—— to the police, immediately, to trace them on the road, fearing lest they should not keep their promise of visiting the Swan. The master of the inn, and the constable, entered with a lively interest into the case. I said that I was prepared to prove that the blind girl was the daughter of respectable parents, and that she had nothing to do with the persons who pretended to be her grand-parents. I was assured that the measures I had taken would be successful, and so believing myself, I proceeded on my way; home; of course I felt anxious. I turned over and over in my mind whether I had done what was best to be done; and so thinking, and on the whole, believing, that I had done the only prudent thing, I got back.

We had never talked of Annette before the children; when I got home both they and Jane were gone to bed, so my wife and I discussed the matter and she agreed with me that, as I could not have carried off the poor girl, I had done all that lay in

my power. Still my anxiety was such that I wished to do more; and so, getting another holiday, I borrowed a horse and started off in the morning for B—— once more. At Broadway I learned that the old man and woman had not kept their promise of calling at the Swan. I went on to B—— and called on the head of the police force. Nothing could exceed the attention and interest displayed. I went with him to a magistrate, and made my deposition about Annette; and as it was desirable that a strict search should be made in the town, the necessary warrants were granted, and I accompanied the police through a search that lasted all that day and part of the night.

Some trace we did find; in a lodging house, of which I spare the reader a description, they had certainly passed three nights that week. Poor Annette, the echo of her "not there, not there!" came back to my mind, and I could find in my heart to thank God that she was, at least, *blind*! Misery, want, and sin; degradation that knew not that it was misery except when there was hunger—and had never heard of sin. I beheld a state of things from which nothing but the power of God could deliver this *most civilized of all nations*! What a bitter irony seemed to be in those words when I looked down into the dregs of the cup that brightly sparkled on the surface, and beheld *that*, for which may God *not* call this land to judgment! may it repent in time!

Civilization! what a foolish thing it seemed to be that day; a thing that was a mere polishing of the surface, taking no account of the rottenness below. *And so civilization is a foolish thing without the true* ~~and~~ *it is a polishing of the outside of the cup or*



the platter ; it is the straining at the gnat, and the swallowing the camel. Such were my thoughts that day. When we shall see bands of Christian Brothers going, for the love of God, into these haunts, and by the power that is given them, in the strength of their love and the fervour of their zeal, bringing benighted and degraded souls to the knowledge of virtue and religion, and to the hatred of licentiousness and all sin ; then we shall see England something more than civilized, and she will be saved from herself.

For such times my heart prayed as my feet followed policemen through places where men and women lived like beasts, preying upon their kind, and ignorant of God. Poor Annette ! my heart prayed for her also ; sometimes I thought that I heard a sound like her gentle voice, then my pulses throbbed, but it was always disappointment ; and when all was done that could be done, still it was only disappointment. Again I felt that she was lost ; but now that I knew who she was, the bitterness of that feeling was inexpressibly intense.

When the pursuit was over, I believe that I showed a sad picture of disconsolateness. I lamented aloud that I had ever lost sight of her. It was a comfort to be laughed at by the policemen. " You acted only like a sensible man," said one ; " they would not have let you have the girl ; what could you have done against three or four desperate men, not reckoning the old women ? oh, you only did the discreet thing ; you must be patient ; we have done with this place, but our search is not over ; this description will find her ; they are not fifty miles off yet ; this will find her ; we shall send it to every police station within fifty miles ; don't

be down-hearted; you shall have her;" and then he proceeded to read as accurate a description as I could give of Annette, which had been printed, and copies of which were to be sent about, as she had said. I returned to Newton. I found Martin Smith at my house; he was going to sleep there. I gave my wife to understand that the search had not been *as yet* successful, and that it was still being continued. Then I dressed myself in my working clothes, and went for the afternoon into the nursery grounds.

I returned to tea. The children were soon gone to bed. To speak of Annette afflicted me so much, that I waited for Jane to return to us, that I might get the story over, and not have to tell it twice. When she was again in her seat, I began to speak. A few words were necessary to introduce Annette and Louis Sage to Martin Smith, to whom even their names were unknown; and then I related all that had been done, and all that I had seen, and as may be guessed, as I had felt so much, something of my feelings also.

"Young and beautiful still, poor Annette! In a foreign land, and separated from every friend, and now blind. Led about by infamous people as a means of making money. A slave in the hand of vagrants; in bondage to creatures of sin. Taken by them to places where, thank God, her ears only can be troubled; but where, through them, her purity must be put to shame and suffering every day. And how helpless! Blind, friendless, and close held in the gripe of iniquity. And for religion—she is of a country and of a class that knows the meaning of that word. But what can she ever ~~now~~ more of religion now? Her poor feet will

never be led to the house of God, till by His blessing we have got her among us ; and if we should never get her ! Then—God give *him* repentance—then her earthly miseries and her soul's starvation will be with *him* who—”

“ With *me* ! ” cried Martin ; “ with me, Jordan ! Jordan ! Have you not seen how every word of your story has torn my heart ? Man, I say, don't you know that for that woman I have led years of misery. And did you see her ? ” He rose, and advanced close to me with a flushed face, and eyes glaring like those of a maniac. “ And did you see her and not lay hold of her, not take her, hold her, and keep her even at the risk of life ? Danger ! Great ruler of heaven and earth—danger ! Could any man calculate danger to give her back to *me*. And he has seen her *twice*,” he cried, almost with a scream ; “ *twice*—oh, God, *twice* ! He has been blessed, and yet she is not here. Oh, had it but been me ! Oh, had *I* seen her. Jordan,” he cried out in a loud voice of agony, “ you don't know what you have done. For three years the worm has gnawed here,” putting his hand on his heart ; “ my sin, never acknowledged till now, like a thing that had obtained life in order to feed on me, and wear me slowly down to hell, lay here, as I tell you, gnawing night and day, for ever. I have been back to my wife's—my *dear* wife's old home—she was not there ; all were gone ; none knew where ; some thought to England ; but all were gone. I have sought her in this country as I could. And now I look on one who has seen her, seen her lately—within the last thirty hours, and yet she is not here. No, not here, but—oh, my wife—yes—where are you ? where are you resting this night ? what ~~an~~ <sup>is</sup> <sub>1</sub>

accumulation of indignities have you not already suffered; what have your pure ears heard? how has your gentleness suffered? Want! Oh, what is want if it is *only* followed by famine and death? If I could now know that you had died on touching these shores. But what do I know? My wife, my wife, to what have I reduced you—from what shall I have to take you—if ever again you are folded in these arms, what will you be?"

This strong man's agony was yet greater than his strength. He lay on the ground; and heart-rending were his cries to God for help.

The women seemed better to know how to help him than I did. And between his bitter moans there came forth the whole story of his sin; of how he had gone abroad surveying for a railway company; of how, in a foolish freak, he had called himself Albert Grainger, and in that name had obtained the love of a girl who had talked English well, she having lived with an English family for five years, from twelve to seventeen, that the children might learn French of her. He had married this girl, and had then deserted her as Louis had declared.

"It was because of this sin," said Martin, "that I *would not*, that I *could not* become a Catholic. Jordan knows what went on at the hospital—I believed—but I had perpetrated the crime, I had deserted the girl; we were full a hundred miles apart, and she thought that I was returned to England. I had done the thing, and I would not undo it. How could I become a Catholic? The first step is the renunciation of sin. That sin kept me out of the Church, and that sin, ever since, has stuck by

me, stinging me like a scorpion, and never leaving me one hour of peace."

"Merciful Father!" said Jane softly, "is there any man who would willingly and knowingly die in his sin?"

Her words, so gently spoken, really as if they had been said to God alone, seemed to bring new ideas to Martin's mind.

"What can I do!" he said despondingly.

"As the priest may tell you, Smith," said Jane. "Oh, go to him; what use is there in pouring out your complaints and your regrets to us. Search your heart—surely you have contrition there—and you declare your belief in the Church. Oh, Smith go to the priest, make a clean breast to God. You will then learn to bear whatever comes in the right spirit. And if Annette is a true Catholic, as I make no doubt she is"—at the mention of his wife's name, Smith raised his eyes to Jane's beseeching face, and regarded her steadfastly—"and if she is, as I said, a true Catholic," Jane went on, "then, by doing that you will take the sting out of everything she may have suffered. Be able to say to her, 'Annette, the thought of my wrongs towards you, and of your sufferings because of me, so tore my heart that I took my contrition to God, and am now a Catholic like yourself;' be able to say *that* to her, and she will never think that she has had one trial too much, let those trials have been as hard as woman ever bore!" And now Jane's tears flowed, and she held forth her hands towards Smith, and there was something in her face and her attitude even more powerful than in her words.

Smith had been some time sitting at the table,

generally hiding his face by resting it on his arms. My wife and I had seen little Sarah enter the room while Jane was speaking; she had heard loud talking and Smith's hurried footsteps, and the child had felt frightened. So she had wrapped a shawl and petticoat about her, and had thrust her naked feet into her shoes, and thus clad, had crept down stairs. Our smiles had encouraged the child to come forward. And now she stood close at Smith's side. Her flushed cheeks, her tearfully bright eyes, her curling hair all straying loose about her face, and her hands gathering her dress closely round her, made a pretty picture of alarmed innocence. Yet innocence is very bold. She understood that Jane was pleading with Smith, that he should embrace the true religion, and she understood that Smith hesitated. She touched his large brawny hand with her rosy fingers—the touch, as soft as it was, made Martin start like a creature terrified—he looked round—he saw the smiling face of the child he had saved from death looking on him like an angel.

"You asked me to pray for you; Jane and I pray every day, because you saved our lives; you will go with me!"

It was as if the child's words had power with them. Smith whispered something to her, and rose up. She said, "I sha'n't be frightened again, mother," and was out of the room in a moment. We then went to bed ourselves. The next morning to get our hearts at rest, we went to Mass; Sarah and Martin had already gone out; for so it was, that that man would have none but the child to lead him, and that, holding him by the hand all the

the child had taken him to the sacristy door, left him within-side. When we got to the altar, Sarah was praying at the altar rails.

the next day Martin again went to the priest; lay after that he was received into the Church;

at Easter we all received the Blessed Sacrament. Martin remained at our house; he longed for Louis Sage; we thought that Easter would bring him to Newton, and so it did.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### OUR FRIENDS.

MARTIN SMITH went often to his cottage at Oakhurst, but he chiefly lived with us, expecting and wishing to see Louis Sage. Martin managed so as to be no expense to us. He used to bring eggs and poultry, and sometimes a ham, or a joint of meat; for he stayed with us many weeks, and long after he had seen Louis, as you will hear. A few days after Easter, Louis came to Newton; Martin was with us; we had heard that Louis was expected, for Louis had written to Mr. James at the convent. It was evening, a bright April evening; we heard the door open, and a well known footstep sounded in the passage. Our pulses quickened; the door of the room opened a little way, I rose to welcome the visitor, and then Louis presented himself; and looking at no one in particular he said, "I am come."

Louis advanced; Martin stood up, and pushed back his chair; I stepped to Martin's side.

Louis had been at the convent, and had seen the priest, and Martin had arranged so that he should hear what there was to tell from the servant of God first; by so doing, he hoped that their meeting might be less in bitterness to both.

They stood opposite to one another, looking on, but not *at* each other. The thin slender form of Louis, with his sad pale face and long black melancholy-looking hair, and the huge, giant-limbed *Martin*, with a face stern in the great severity of



his grief and penitance. We loved each of these men with a more than common love; wonderful events had bound us all to each other, but we could not help feeling that they were—that they *must* be enemies; that only the great grace of God could make the injurer and the injured friends.

Martin never moved. He could not offer his hand; he dared not *offer* his hand to the uncle and the adopted father of Annette. And Louis, he, too, stood motionless. It was a moment of such fear and hope, of such strife between the two, that we, who looked on, dared not speak; for what did our hearts know of such bitterness as reigned in theirs? Then Martin moved aside, as if he were leaving the room, and as he moved he said, "No, Louis; I see how it is; we knew each other in other times; when *she* stood by us. And now, you cannot forgive me—why should I expect it? You cannot speak to me till *she* is with us again. When she forgives me, when her voice pleads, when her hand gives you mine, then you will not refuse." He was going away.

"Stop!" said Louis, "stop, Albert—Martin, I mean, stop. It is not that! Oh, if the question of *where she is* could be answered by you, then there would be no merit in my forgiveness! How my heart has yearned after her not even yours can know. How my heart has felt when I have pictured the pollution to which her once chaste soul may now be accustomed, God only knows! But together we might find her; surely the strong prayers of father, friend, and husband may now be heard!"

Louis fell upon my shoulder, there he hid his anguished countenance; Martin, coming to his side, raised his hand and said, kissing it, "not Judas—

like *now*, do I betray with a show of kindness; Lord Jesus forgive me; thou who didst accept of the penitence of the thief on the cross, forgive *me*!" He would have relinquished Louis' hand, but Louis held him. The agony of the moment had passed, and raising a smiling face he said solemnly, looking at Martin with a fixed earnest gaze, and still firmly grasping his hand, "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us!"

We all thanked God, for the men were friends together. Louis did not stay many minutes longer; he went back to the convent, and when we asked for him the next day he was gone.

And now weeks and months passed; the spring had glided away, and the summer was going after it, still Martin passed a great deal of time at our house, perhaps he would be three or four days in the week at home, and then he would come to us on Saturday to go to the chapel on Sunday, and remain a day or two into the week; always going to the morning mass, and leading so watchful a life over his thoughts, words, and actions, that he was an edification to us all.

He used often to go to B——, and he would bring us much news of the feelings, religious and political, of the class called "the operatives!" I was always interested in these accounts. I got to know that there was a strong body of common-sense men in the nation, educating themselves in an extraordinary way, and capable both of forming opinions and defending them, such as I, in my former state, had never imagined.

At length we heard nothing satisfactory: the news was all looking after their religiously and morally educated companions were heartily

but always as persons just gone ; it always seemed that we were a day too late in our pursuit ; and the worst part of this was, that our inquiries confirmed our fears of this unfortunate woman having got among persons of the lowest description of villainess. All of us thanked God for having deprived her of sight ; no one was as earnest in thanksgiving as her husband. He used often to say, "she is the slave of the circumstances into which my desertion brought her ; the angels may still be about her footsteps ; I may live to look on my wife's sightless eyes, and see there written the wonderful mercy of God !"

This was certainly the most consoling view to take of things ; it was a view that I liked to encourage. But hope was not always uppermost in Martin's mind. It was often quite a terrible thing to see the man's spirit bowed down to the dust by the greatness of his mental agony. His misery was such as to shrink from the sight of man, and he would go to his room—for we called Edward's room his, now—and thence would come groans, such as made us shudder, for though they sounded as if suppressed to the utmost of the poor man's power, they came with such a note of woe upon them, that they often called sudden tears to our eyes ; and then we would pray. I recollect that the first time we heard this conflict of spirit, we were appalled—quite appalled—and looked upon each other not knowing what to do ; and then Jane, from her easy chair, spoke to us, "let us say a litany," she said ; and laying down her work in her lap, she began the Litany of the Holy Name. Sobbing and whispering, we followed her throughout. "Ah," said Jane, it is terrible ; but God is

giving him here his purgatory; we should not be sorry for that." After this, whenever the same sort of thing occurred, I believe that there was always some one near to help the striving man, without his knowing it; Jane in her sick helplessness was always there, and always ready; and one of the children, or my wife, or all of them joined with her.

It was certainly a blessing to Martin that we had left Knightley. He could not have stayed quietly at his own home, and it was a blessing to have a house at a distance to go to; grief is restless, it is always requiring to do something; the mere going backwards and forwards comforted his mind, and helped to keep his body in strength; then our neighbourhood to the Catholic church was a very desirable thing for him, and our being almost in the town afforded him that amount of bustle and movement which was continually giving him hope of hearing or seeing Annette. But it was a restless, agonizing, heart-sickening kind of life that the poor man lived, and what we felt to be a great trial was, that no one could help him. I wished the summer over, for I thought that we must hear of Annette being discovered soon; and to find her living or dead would have been a mercy.

And the summer passed on, and the third week in September came, and the mornings and evenings were getting very chilly, and we were fearing their effect on Jane. We had not long to fear. She was worse than usual one day, and said to me, "Master, I shall never go to the Chapel again in life; will you ask Mr. James to come to see me?"

I did so, and I also sent for Dr. Vine. He paid *us an early visit*, and spoke cheerfully and kindly, *but he said that* "Jane did not want medicine."

Before he went away I had a few minutes of private conversation with him; as nearly as possible I will put it down.

"What is your opinion of Jane, sir?"

"She is dying," he said, gently.

"Really dying! Will she soon be gone?"

"Any hour she may go. She is possessed of so calm and so courageous a mind, that she does not appear to be as near death as she is; but I have told you only the truth."

"Tell me a little further *in truth*," said I, with emphasis. "You attended Jane after her wonderful escape from the water with my child; do you think that she has ever recovered that?"

"You must not distress yourself, my dear sir," said Dr. Vine, very tenderly.

"Nay, sir," I replied, "why should I be distressed? Why should she not go to judgment with that great good deed to her account? As she *must* die, I should like to hear, from such authority as yours, what the truth may be."

"She certainly caught her death then," he said. "Death comes slowly to the young; and she must have been very strong before that day. Few people could have gone through what she then endured; her strong anxiety for the child kept her alive; the mind is a wonderful thing, Mr. Jordan. But when there is irreparable harm done to the body, youth and strength are not much. That woman lived through years in those hours when she was in the flood. She is as a woman of eighty now; she has no power to rally; she has long been dying; and now, a few hours"—Dr. Vine turned aside his head—"a few hours," he repeated, "it can't last *much longer*. I am sorry; she is an exemplary

woman, I am sure. Every one ought to respect such a character as hers."

"Thank you, sir; thank you," I said. The Doctor went away, and I returned to the room in which I had left Jane.

The next day came, and Jane could not get up. There, in bed, she lay, looking so smiling, and so peacefully happy. The children and my wife were with her. "Let them sing," Jane would whisper; and the two little girls would sing the hymns they had heard at Benediction, and the Litany of Our Blessed Lady. "Sweet, young voices—innocent, tender childhood," Jane would say, looking on them with glances of unutterable interest. "Always be good; try to keep holy. If you should fall, never let your sin lie upon your conscience. Your conscience will prick you; then recollect that you have sinned against God. Take it to the confessional, and let the blood of Christ wash it away, and join your own deep penitence and determined purpose of amendment. Always pray for a lively conscience; judge yourselves unsparingly, and never shrink from any trouble in the way of amending yourselves. The only thing you can offer to Jesus for redeeming you, is a life made holy in His service. Do you understand me, my darlings?" The children kissed her and said that they understood. "Then," said Jane, "according to the purity of your life, shall be your place in heaven. And mind you pray for the dead."

Jane loved to talk to the children, and talked much to them that day.

Towards evening Mr. James came again, and Dr. Vine came with him. Jane had not spoken more *than a word or two* at a time for several hours. Mr.

James sent for two of the nuns ; she smiled to see them. I had now come home from work, and was in James's room. "Lift me up higher in the bed," she said ; "I am always sinking down. Lift me up that I may see the crucifix hanging over the fireplace." I lifted her up. "I can't see it," said Jane, "my eyes grow dim—am I going soon?" She had received the Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction.

The nuns said some litanies ; we joined as well as we were able ; but our hearts were swollen with grief, and could ill find voice to speak. But Jane was quiet and peaceful ; her lips moved as the others spoke, though she had no voice. Once or twice more she was raised in the bed. She held a blessed crucifix in her hand, and she often pressed her lips upon the marks of the five wounds, and said, "for me—for me!"

All at once we saw Jane move her hand, as if to bring the crucifix again to her lips, and drop her hand on the bed-clothes as if the strength to do as she desired was gone. One of the nuns rose and took the crucifix and held it before her. Jane's eyes fixed on it ; the pupils seemed to dilate, and a most heavenly smile moved her lips. Her voice came back—"Jesus—Saviour—send thy angels ; guide, guard me : the hour is come!"

Jane made a gesture with her hand. "What is it?" asked one of the nuns, leaning down to her. "That they may be blessed for having loved and cared for me ; that they may have their pious wish, Annette," and so saying she turned her head with a smile, and died praying for us. A few hours afterwards I was in the room alone with the pale, cold corpse ; looking on the still remains, how sadly

felt. I thought of the friend she had been to us. Yet there never seemed to be anything very extraordinary about Jane; I should have well described her as being an industrious, hard-working woman, sober, honest, and truth-telling. She pretended to be nothing more. But there is a secret life—a life whose trials are known only to God and his priest; a life whose records are only found in heaven: such a life I knew that our unassuming Jane had led; a life which is not written; a life only guessed at by the falling of a few words at painful and distant times. Her having supported her mother, what a history did that tell. Her hired clothes and borrowed money—her sudden exclamation, “Master, I have begged!” I felt as I looked at the corpse, that of the life of that body I really knew nothing; nothing more than that it had been a life of labour and trial, yet a life of love to God and man. The life of one who had learned her religion, and practised it; who had for her friends, angels and saints and the Mother of God; whose heart was fixed in ceaseless, fervent gratitude on Jesus upon the cross; whose warmest sympathies were with His sufferings, and who counted the bitterest troubles as blessings, if, through them, she should obtain to greater purity of life and intention; who watched her heart and purged it in the confessional from even the shadow of evil; and whose soul found constant strength in the hidden God and Saviour—the living bread who descendest from heaven.

Dear friend, farewell! as I have already said, your life is not written *here*.



## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE STORM.

ALL my readers will know how, in October, 1850, the storm of Protestant hatred against Catholics arose in England.

The establishment of a Catholic hierarchy in this country raised such an excitement as, of its kind, this country never knew before. The Catholic bishops in England were to be called by the names of the English towns, and Protestant England went mad at the aggression.

That class of persons, among the Protestants, which was represented by such clergymen as Mr. Temple, alone seemed to preserve some share of common sense. Among them there were many who said that the Catholics had done no more than they had a right to do, which was simply the truth.

But this party was selected as an object for the indignation of the mob, "because they had tried to introduce Roman practices," it was said. But though the Protestant demon was willing to kill two birds with one stone—Puseyism and Popery—Popery was of course the real object; the devil hates nothing so much as the Holy Catholic Church. Catholics wrote, cardinal, bishops, priests, and laymen wrote to show the people of England that neither queen, lords, or commons were injured, or ought to be offended; that the only wonder was, we had not had our hierarchy before; but who listened? Counties, towns, wards, villages, all had their

ings, and in all the same blasphemous outcry was heard. Falsehood after falsehood was uttered and believed; the Church of Rome was called everything that was evil. The witness of Jesus upon earth stood once more like her divine master; to be betrayed, insulted, scoffed at, and abused, till even the same cry was heard, "we will not have this man to reign over us;" and it was received with the cheers and acclamations of the people. It was the echo of the old cry "crucify Him, crucify Him!" The rulers of the people trembled; the Spouse of Christ, like God in the flesh, had been delivered over to the will of the people, and the rulers trembled lest the children of the Church should forget their blessed Lord's example; lest they should forget that when He was reviled he reviled not again; lest they should forget that good is to be returned for evil; lest they should forget the last great prayer, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" No doubt it was hard to bear; no doubt all Catholics felt that it was very hard to bear. But they were not afraid; their house was founded on a rock; the stormy passions of furious men might rage and swell, and beat against it, but it would not fall; its foundations were laid deep in the everlasting hills; God was its keeper, and in it dwelt His power.

But there is nothing new under the sun. The ways of persecution are always the same; it has all been described long ago. "Why have the Gentiles raged, and the people devised vain things. The kings of the earth stood up, and the princes met together against the Lord and against his Christ!"

*But we knew, we working-men knew, that the*

excitement thus got up against our having such ecclesiastical government as we felt best for us, was not the universal thing it was said to be; it was a party thing, an Established Church outcry; it was the cry of the evil spirits of Protestantism fearing to be meddled with, dreading defeat, rending its victims till they raged and foamed, and crying aloud as it beheld the approach of truth, "I know thee who thou art, the holy one of God; art thou come to torment us before the time!" We, Catholic working-men, knew this.

And all working-men knew that the outcry had been encouraged, kept up, cherished, fed, and *paid for* by influential classes above us. We knew to whom and by whom money had been given for fire-balls and crackers; for making up figures of priests, monks, popes, Cardinals, and—to their shame—nuns; for building machines to draw them upon; for purchasing wood to burn them with; and when the newspaper talked of the feeling against Catholics being *universal*, of the nation having spoken as if with one voice, we read and laughed at it.

Martin Smith and I went to a great "Papal Aggression meeting" at B——; a large body of such as ourselves—not in religion, but in position and knowledge of life, was there. We heard a man—a Protestant clergyman—speak. He said that slavery of the mind and degradation of morals were inseparable from the Catholic Faith. The well dressed part of the audience cried "hear, hear!" They had heard what they liked to hear; we working men cried "shame!" the Catholics knew in their hearts that he spoke falsely: their companions, who worked daily with Catholics, and

them in their homes, met them in worldly transactions, knew that their daughters were chaste and their sons honest; that parents strove to teach their religion to the children, and that the children knowing their religion, clung to it; they knew that there was neither slavery or immorality amongst them as a consequence of their religion; but on the contrary, their memory afforded them many an instance of Catholics who had fallen into evil ways because they had left their religion, returning to it by the only way of repentance and amendment of life. And so with one thing after another said against the true faith, we working-men knew the Catholic world better than he knew it; and we knew that he was repeating only the popular cry, in ignorance of the system he abused. There was not one of us who could not have spoken better, because more truly, than he did. He spoke for what he got, the cheers of a well-dressed, self-applauding mob, who thanked God that they were not as other men.

Then some one else got up, and advised that nothing should be done against Catholics; he put the question as one of civil and religious liberty. The working-men held up their hands for that. Let every man worship God according to his conscience. We were unanimous on that.

That same day, in the evening, a large party met in a room at the back of Martin Smith's brother's house; this meeting was talked over.

"I wonder," said one man, "what there is so very disgraceful in the dress of a livery-servant?"

"What do you mean?" asked another.

"*What bad, bitter aristocrats those Church of England clergy are; don't you recollect to-day, that*

not content with personal abuse of the Pope, they laughed at him for having left Rome in 'the garb of a lacquey' as it is called; that was not true, as we know; though the papers said so first of all, they contradicted it afterwards. The Pope left Rome in no real disguise at all; he only wore a priest's dress, and went away from the Vatican with Count Sphorre, the Bavarian Ambassador, in his Excellency's carriage, and so drove out of the Porta Maggiore. But did you remark the disgust with which that proud bishop, for proud I must call him, spoke of the lacquey's dress, and how the people about took up his tone and expressed their disgust also; not the fear of death, not the hope of preventing men from committing murder, would, I suppose, drive his aristocratic limbs into the like of his footman's scarlet plushes; there must be something very disgraceful in such clothing; I wonder that a man, a bishop, a preacher of humility," there was a shout of laughter through the room; the speaker laughed too; he did not finish his sentence but smiling, said "and he was bearing false-witness after all!"

"Very like St. Paul," cried one; there was a general laugh.

"And wasn't St. Paul once let down over a wall in a basket?" said another.

"And he, too, flying for safety," cried somebody else.

"I mean that the Pope had a precedent; but such precedents are out of fashion," and again there was laughter.

There was plenty of sarcasm, plenty of wit, and much good reasoning amongst those men that night.



lamps shone on something white at our feet, it was a broken bit of chalk, Yeoman picked it up, and wrote in large characters, "that's nonsense ; better say no paid Church, no tithes."

"I feel sorry that you have done that," said I.

"Do you ? I pay tithes to two parishes ; in those two parishes are taught contradictory doctrines ; why should an honest man be obliged to support two stories ? It's a disgrace to the country to expect an Englishman to support such double-facedness. Yes and no can't both be right answers to the same question. 'Tis a disgrace to expect us to support such a system."

"But what do you think of the Papal aggression ?" I asked.

"I think," said Yeoman, "that your Pope has changed your foreign bishops, acting in this country over you, into English bishops ; that is, that he has given them English titles ?"

"Yes," I answered, "that's it."

"They were bishop's before, just the same, were they not ?"

"Oh yes," I said.

"And it's more to the satisfaction of Catholics to be ruled in the way usual to their Church than in a way only usual in heathen, or, in fact, missionary countries."

"You quite understand it," I answered, "it is just that."

"We—we Protestants, are no ways concerned in it, that I can see," said Yeoman, "your arrangements only touch yourselves. I am sure that for many years I did not know that you had any bishops at all ; it is not one person in five thousand that can tell how many you have now. What

matter can it be to us whether they are called after foreign or English names; much more proper to have English names I think; Englishmen and English names are best suited to English Catholics."

"You have not learnt that at the meeting!"

It was now time for me to go home, so I bid my friend good night.

Only three days after this meeting, when we were sitting at dinner, Yeoman, to our great surprise, appeared at the door; he looked rather oddly; I jumped up; "Is all right? Emma very well?"

"All well, all right; don't be disturbed; however, I am come upon strange business—strange, that is, for such as I am."

"What is it?"

"I want you to go with me to the Mayor."

"Why?"

"The bad fellows in this town of yours are going to burn effigies to-night."

"So I hear," I answered; "but surely you are not going to concern yourself with such doings as that?"

"Won't I?" said Yeoman, flourishing a stout oak stick, "won't I? that's all! they are going to burn Sir Boston Knightley!"

"Never!" I exclaimed. "Never, while I have an arm to hold a club."

"Bravo!" cried Yeoman. "Now then, let us off to the Mayor."

The mayor of Newton was a very respectable man. He had formerly been a linen-draper, and had made a good fortune. He was generally liked; and we had no doubt of obtaining a fair hearing from him.

*We were shown into a parlour in his house, and*



he appeared in a few minutes. Yeoman knew him a little.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Measurer?"

"How d'ye do, Mr. Yeoman? I hope your family is well."

"Thank you, sir; very well. Mr. Measurer, my business is with you as the mayor of Newton."

"Indeed, Mr. Yeoman."

Mr. Measurer trembled a little, for he was a nervous man, and one who particularly desired to stand well with all parties.

"There is going to be a grand burning of effigies in this town—or near, on the rough land—to-night. It is an illegal act. I come to you to prevent it."

Mr. Measurer turned pale. "My dear Mr. Yeoman—indeed, my good sir, you know, you must be aware—in fact, I think that not a regiment of soldiers—but really, Mr. Yeoman, you must excuse me; there will be a large body of police; I anticipate no breach of the peace at all."

The stout farmer, half angry, half pitying, gazed with a determined look upon the unhappy magistrate.

"Listen, sir," he said firmly. The mayor quite jumped with fear. "The effigies are made. They are in the house of Ben Thomson, in the Long-alley-lane, number 79. They are four in number, the Pope, the Cardinal, Mr. Temple, and Sir Boston Knightley."

If Mr. Measurer had jumped before, he now almost screamed. He certainly did give a cry as the last name was uttered, and exclaimed, "How could you get this information, Mr. Yeoman?"

"I am ready to be sworn sir," was Mr. Yeoman's

reply. "These effigies are things of expensive formation; they are the fruits of a pretty extensive subscription. I know who have given, Mr. Measurer."

The cheek of the poor man grew pale. I saw a curl at the corner of Yeoman's mouth. He looked at the mayor expecting a reply.

"What am I to do?" sighed forth the magistrate of peace and order.

"Of course, Mr. Mayor, I can't dictate to you; but when I have revealed a few more of the secrets of this affair, you may be better able to form a judgment."

"Pray go on, Mr. Yeoman. These are dreadful times," and Mr. Measurer rested his elbow on the table and supported his head with his hands.

"If these effigies are carried to the rough ground, or any where else, to be burned, to-night, or at any other time, and if Mr. Temple and Sir Boston are among them, they will be rescued by full fifty strong men; and such a riot as that may make in Newton, I would not, if I was in your place, risk for any consideration."

The mayor looked up; there was a gleam of light upon his face. "If Sir Boston and Mr. Temple are not among the number, these people, perhaps, will not interfere?"

"We don't wish to go beyond our own business," said Yeoman. "*Sir Boston wont be burnt in effigy. If you are afraid to move in that matter, you may trust me for that.*"

"Well," said the mayor, "I will put a stop to the burning of *those* effigies. Trust me, Mr. Yeoman, nothing disagreeable of that sort will happen. *It would certainly be very wrong. I hope that you*

won't think it necessary to attend now, Mr. Yeoman; it will be a mere collecting of the rabble."

Yeoman's face was bright with a smile, which told that he fathomed the nervous man's motives. "You understand, Mr. Measurer," he said, "that I can't well avoid being there. It will be desirable that I should have the satisfaction of seeing that the effigies of my friends are *not* there; and I am going to spend the day with my friends here; I am not going back to Knightley to tell the people of your decision. A strong party are, I know, coming from Oakhurst and other places, and I shall meet them on the spot, I think."

"I hope that you will keep them quiet, Mr. Yeoman."

"If Sir Boston's effigy is seen, not even *you* will keep them quiet," was Yeoman's remark. The nervous terror had returned upon the Mayor of Newton, and Yeoman and I took that moment to depart.

As Mr. Measurer was himself showing us through the passage—and doing that duty very gladly, I am sure—Yeoman turned towards him and said, in the most cheerful way, "There have been *two* incendiary fires in this neighbourhood this month—farmer Jarvis's loss was estimated at two thousand pounds; Rose's ricks were partly insured. There was no apparent motive for either of those acts. No persons suspected; yet incendiarism no doubt. They happened curiously near the fifth of November. Influential people should not encourage the mob in playing with fire." The mayor's voice shook as he wished us "Good morning."

"He has subscribed to these effigies," said Yeoman as he walked away. "They got nine pounds by

begging for them last week. These cowardly, unprincipled people do it for fear of the mob, and to please some mad Protestant parson; it is well to make them quake for it. It is an outrage on the feelings of all really respectable people; we ought to be ashamed of the disgrace they are bringing on the country."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE BLESSING ON THE STORM.

It was a night most favourable to the burnings. Just light enough to find one's way, and a still night; the fires would burn well. Yeoman and I were early at the ground. Martin Smith was not with us; he was still at B——; we walked up and down for nearly half-an-hour. Some policemen came to the spot. Yeoman spoke to them. "So you come here to see that people break the law quietly?" The man smiled. "We are servants of the public, Sir. We must not be too free with our opinions." But a look passed between us. The policeman would have made a better mayor than Mr. Measurer.

After a while a distant sound was heard; it grew more distinct; it became that most dreadful thing in the world, the cry of men mad with excitement.

They came up to the place like a tide. With shouts, screams, laughter, cries; with rushing words, and sounds of rushing feet; with fiendish exclamations, with maniac laughter; with notes of joy, fright, entreaty, expostulation, anger, blame, pain, contempt, and loud command. And mingled with all, there rose at intervals shouts of triumph, yells, and imprecations, and wild hootings of demoniac delight. We heard it afar off; it advanced upon us, rushing onwards like a sea whose every wave had a tongue.

They came on towards the open space. There

were multitudes of torches. The blaze was so great as to dazzle at first. Then we could see the faces of those about the blazing pines horribly illuminated; and between each glaring group there came dark masses of persons, so that we knew that the throng was even greater than we had imagined it would be.

Not with them, but arriving by some other way, now came about us many others, but all men. "Well, master!" "Yes, John; keep quiet. No Sir Boston to-night! Tell William and Jeffries. Mind, not one word to excite the people; they are like devils. We might have bloodshed here in five minutes if you were imprudent." On they came; and now they were near! Those on a carriage, drawn by an ass, were the figures of the Pope and the Cardinal, and between them, will the reader believe this? between them *the cross*! They burnt them all; and the cross was burnt with every insult and indignity that Satan could suggest.

The flames leaped up; they shot forth a hundred tongues of red and yellow flame; I lost sight of the cross in the glare. Then a stentorian voice roared out above the tumult of blasphemy around, "let us give three cheers for the Queen." The cheers burst forth; with them mingled yells and shrieks as of the savage delight of devils. I closed my eyes, and pressed my hands against my ears. Once before, long ago, there had been a cry, "we will have no king but Cæsar." Surely I had heard it again!

"Poor woman, poor woman," said Yeoman at my side. "She little dreams of the passions roused, *the crimes committed in her name*!" "It's the *hardest sight* to look upon that ever I was con-

demned to see!" said a policeman. "Let us move away as soon as we can; I can't bear this any longer." And, so speaking, I opened my eyes, not, however, to look any more at the flames. I looked at the miserable beings around me—old and young, and even little children were there. Men, and women, and girls of tender age. One old man, leaning on a staff, looked with stupid vacancy on the flaming pile; he only laughed now and then, and touching a woman clothed in rags at his side, pointed with contemptuous gesture to what was doing around. The old woman had a keener, cleverer air. Her eyes glanced about, and she moved from side to side of the little space in which they stood; the thoughts of thieves and pick-pockets involuntarily crossed my mind. She moved again; and now the flames danced, and flashed, and a bright light was cast upon the spot she had left, and I saw a thin, tall, pale woman's form, the head only covered with its black, waving hair, the arms crossed on the breast, the legs and feet bare, and exposed below the short, ragged-edged, blue serge petticoat; she looked the picture of misery and want, yet *still* beautiful, for it was Annette.

I said, "I thank thee, O God!" I passed on to near where she stood. In my way I saw a policeman; one of the very men who had been busy at B—— trying to find her. I said, "come, here she is, Annette, you recollect!" "Oh yes! Where?" "Here, follow me, and those old people with her!"

The policeman touched the old woman's shoulder with his staff. "What are you doing with this young woman? She does not belong to you; here is a gentleman that claims her." At the same moment I put my hand into Annette's, and said, "my

dear girl, Louis Sage, your uncle, and some one else, your husband, Annette, have been seeking you for years. We must take you to them."

She turned her sightless eyes upon me. "Will you go to your friends, young woman," said the policeman? She just articulated "yes," and swooned.

"And so she may go," cried out the woman, "we only let her travel with us for charity;" and then followed a storm of foul language, which the policeman suddenly interrupted by crying out, "stop; what's this?"—and he plucked a silk pocket-handkerchief from where it had only been partly concealed, behind her apron. Matters were soon settled. "You know where I live," I said to the policeman. "Yes, yes; are you going to take the girl?" "Yes; I shall take her home directly." And with the help of one of Yeoman's men, who had lingered behind his master and his companions, I carried Annette to our house. How my wife and I rejoiced over our treasure when we had got her there!

That night I told the poor famishing beggar, for such she seemed, that I knew her husband and uncle, and loved them well; I told her all that the reader already knows. The children were gone to bed, and I left my wife in charge of the blind Annette. She had been blind about a year and a half; she was very clever with her fingers; her delicacy of touch was very great. My wife, however, waited upon her that night. She was put into Jane's room, and dressed in Jane's clothes! She did little more than weep, wonder, and pray that night; by talking of her uncle I convinced her of my knowledge of him, and that prevented her from feeling fear; and when I told her of her hus-



band, described his home, his renewed love for her, his becoming a Catholic, his good life, and his never-ending repentance on her account. She could only seize my hand, and kiss it, and say, "may God cover you with blessings as my heart gives you thanks!"

We rose to an early breakfast. We had told the children that Martin's French wife—of whom it had not been thought necessary to tell them before—had been found, and was in the house. That her fate had been a great trouble to Martin; that she had been lost when following him from France, and that he had sought her long without success; and that our dear Louis Sage was her uncle. Of course they were delighted, and doubly interested in Annette, on account of her blindness. Sarah was kept at home from school, and, I think that the first day was occupied in letting down the skirt of the black gown that Jane had had given her for mourning for Mr. Benson, to suit the taller and more graceful form of Annette. "Do with my books and clothes just what you like, my dear mistress; I have no other friends than you." Jane had so said as she lay dying. My wife had never opened box or drawer till Annette's arrival made her think that one had come who might be made, at least for the present, our dear Jane's heir. So a black gown was speedily lengthened, and by the evening Annette appeared neatly clothed, with her bright masses of black hair drawn to the back of her head with her own skilful hands, and arranged as in happier days. I never can forget what I felt when, about four o'clock in the afternoon, I returned to the house and saw Annette, as I have described. A feeling of pride rose in my heart—not a bad

pride—a sort of high gratification in her beauty and neatness; a something that made me say within myself, this is something to return to Smith for all he did for Jane and Sarah. I took her by the hand and kissed her, as a father might a child. We sat down and talked of a thousand things. Sarah was in the little garden in front of our house; my wife was preparing tea in the kitchen; we heard Sarah speak; Annette grew deadly pale, and then flushed a deep red. She sprung up, and made a step towards the door. “It is he,” she cried. The memory in her wife’s heart was faithful; she had heard his voice. He opened the door; then she threw forward her arms and gave a plaintive cry—“My God! I shall never see him again; I am blind!”

But she was pressed to her husband’s breast, and she knew who it was, though she could not see him. “Louis is coming,” said Martin. He passed me hurriedly in the street in B——; he will be here to-night, he said.

And Louis came too. And the gladness of our house was so great, that we could not keep in our recollection that any cloud of trouble and trial had ever rested upon it. Only now and then some heart would exclaim, “O, if Jane were but here now!” But even that wish was hushed, for Jane was with the blessed, and her last prayer had already been answered.

We could not bear to part with our friends, and they loved us too well to think of going very soon. Louis wished to lodge with us, and to take a few fields and keep some cows; his deposit with the house in London for whom he travelled, would, he thought, be a sufficient capital. Martin could not bear to *take his wife from the neighbourhood of the Ca-*

tholic Church. "We must pray for the conversion of Sir Boston and Mr. Temple," he said, "and then we poor people shall have a squire, a priest, and a chapel, all close at hand."

Annette's story was short and painful enough; she had come straight down to our county on landing in England, but, owing to Martin having called himself Albert Grainger, she had not been able to find out anything of her husband. She had then gone back to London and for some time had supported herself with flower-making; at last the shop for which she worked was given up, then employment became uncertain, then she took long journeys to sell her wares, and so sunk lower and lower till I had seen her, and she had shortly after fallen a prey to a party of vagrants who got their living by begging, from whom her blindness, which came on about that time, prevented her from getting free. "Yet," said Annette, "last Easter was the first Easter I was prevented from going to my duty. I have been leading, to all appearance, a heathen life; but God in his mercy, had kept me from looking upon evil, and when I knew I was in one of those dens of impurity, which I had always so much dreaded, I yet was saved from contamination. I could not see, and I could not understand. The English language I had learnt as a child from the children of a noble family; the language talked in those places was as a different tongue to me—I did not try to learn it. I said prayers, and hymns, and litanies, in my heart. It was no more to me than a wild storm of hail and rain, wind and thunder; and one prayer I think that I have prayed almost hourly for years, it was, that in that misery I might not die—that I might again approach the

sacraments, again know my Saviour on the altar and make a Christian end."

One day when Annette was speaking thus, farmer Yeoman was a listener; he beckoned me to him as he stood by the door going away. "Now if one of our Papal aggression orators were to hear and see that real, true-born, Catholic wife of Martin's, would they still go on saying things of lax morals and idolatry?"

It seemed as if Almighty God was never going to cease from blessing us. Little Sarah was leading Annette to the chapel one morning, they met Dr. Vine.

"You are leading a blind girl," said he to Sarah.

"Yes, sir, quite blind,"

"From what cause?" he asked.

"We don't know, sir."

"May I call at Mr. Jordan's and look at your eyes this evening?" said Dr. Vine to Annette.

She accepted his offer thankfully.

"Pray to God that I may receive my sight," said Annette to the people she passed at the chapel door; "I will, and I, and I," all were ready to pray for her.

Dr. Vine came; he said, "I think it very likely that in the course of a month you may be sufficiently strong to go through an operation. It is not a very common case, it seems to be something more than cataract. But you may see a little, and that would be a blessing."

"Pray to God that I may receive my sight!" It was Annette's constant entreaty to all whom she knew to be Catholics; and reader, she has gone *through the operation*, and she sees; even Dr. Vine was astonished.

Readers, the story of a working-man like yourselves is closed. In this world's things he has suffered loss ; but he has found that treasure to purchase which a man will part with all that he has. He is happy in the shelter of the Church's fostering arms. He is a Churchman according to the intention of God the Saviour who left *one* Church under the care of St. Peter.

Those who do not acknowledge the Papal supremacy not only do not possess the only true faith, but they *must* be tyrannized over by the world—their house is not built on the rock, but on the sand—when the storms of this world rise they are shifted about, and in the end will be ignominiously destroyed.

THE END.



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